

RADIO-TV MIRROR

*Two Magazines
in One*

DEMBER

N. Y. area TV program listings

Arthur Godfrey
and
His Friends

Janette Davis
Tony Marvin
Marion Marlow
Frank Parker



THE BOYS IN GODFREY'S BAND • MY HUSBAND, BUD COLLYER • VISIT THE JOHNNY OLSENS
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- C. Men's Journeyer..... 27.50

Samsonite Luggage

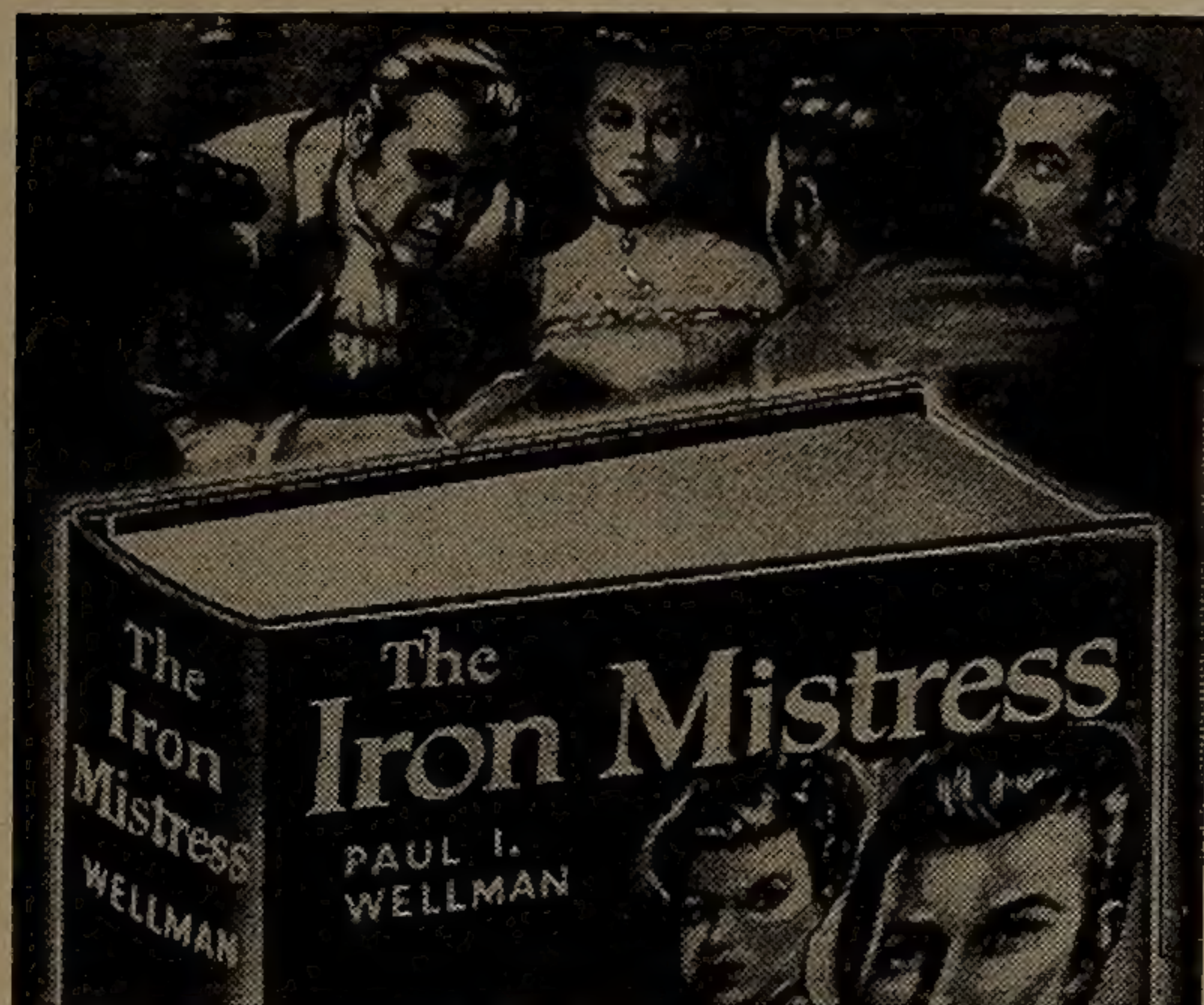
Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado
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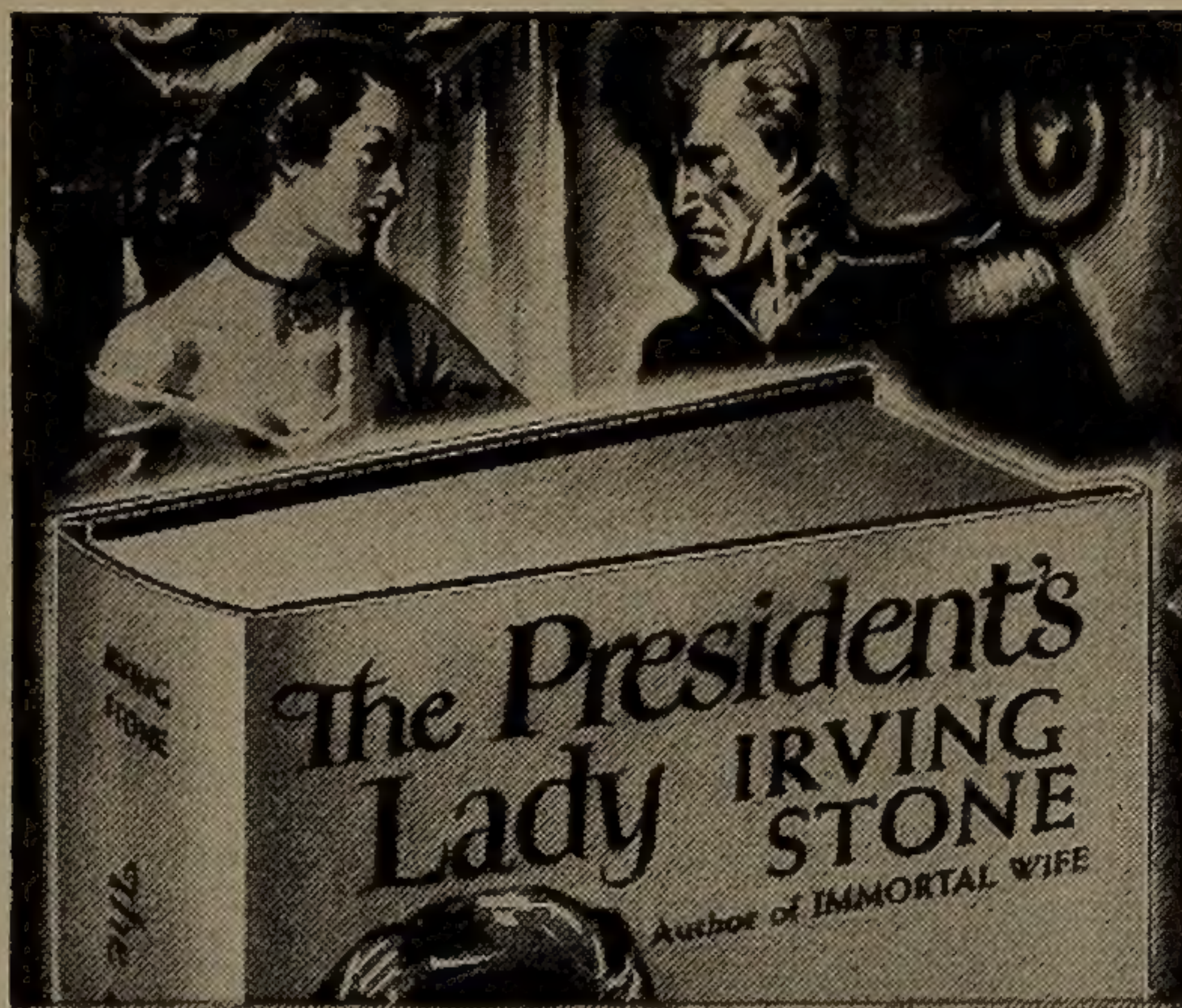
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THE STRANGER BESIDE ME by Mabel Seeley
Handsome, ambitious Carl Reiss was considered a catch for shy, sensitive Christine. But, on their amazing honeymoon, Christine was to discover that her chances for married happiness were the greatest odds a wife ever faced!



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THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP by Thomas Raddall
Lovely secretary Isabel Jardine fled from her humdrum job in the city to the wild, wind-swept island of Marina. On this island of lonely men, she was like the last woman in the world—wooned and fought over with desperate passion!

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Upon receipt of the coupon at right you will be sent your introductory TRIPLE package of books—ANY 3 BOOKS YOU CHOOSE FROM THIS PAGE—and you will

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When you receive your TRIPLE book package—and realize these three books are typical of the values you will continue to receive from the Club for only \$1 each—you will be delighted to have become a member. Hurry if you want to take advantage of this offer. Mail the coupon now.

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GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

MAIL THIS COUPON

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Dept. 12-TSW, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3 books checked below and bill me ONLY \$1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents shipping cost.

☐ The Iron Mistress ☐ The President's Lady ☐ Woman Called Fancy
☐ Stranger Beside Me ☐ Joy Street ☐ Nymph and the Lamp

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and other bargains offered at \$1* each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection received, plus a few cents shipping cost.

Mr. _____ Please
Mrs. _____ Print
Miss _____

Address _____

City & _____
Zone No. _____ State _____

*Slightly higher in Canada; address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2.
Offer good in U. S. and Canada only.

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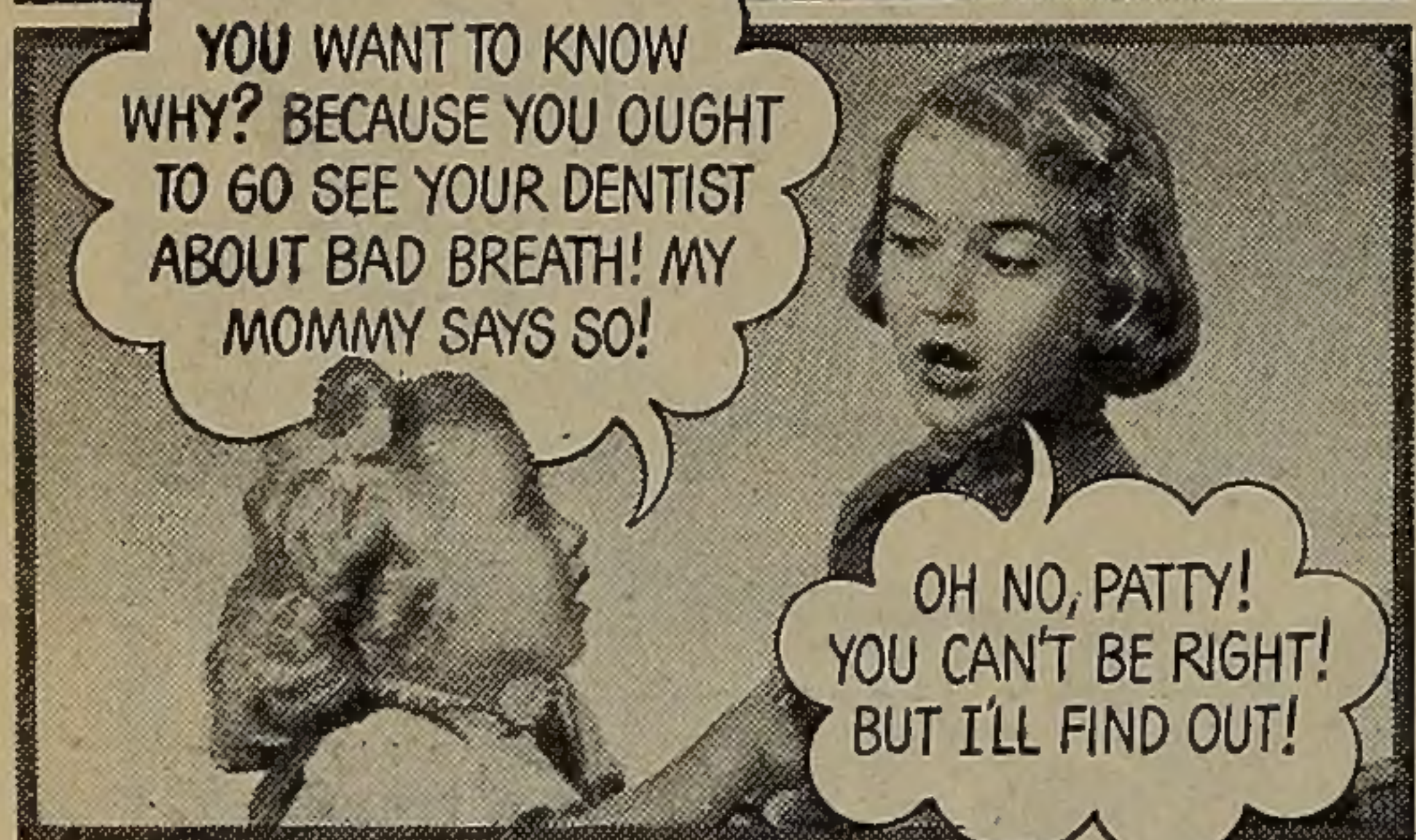
Keystone Edition

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*But Nobody Sits With
The Sitter!*



YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHY? BECAUSE YOU OUGHT
TO GO SEE YOUR DENTIST
ABOUT BAD BREATH! MY
MOMMY SAYS SO!

OH NO, PATTY!
YOU CAN'T BE RIGHT!
BUT I'LL FIND OUT!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR
BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND
THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT
AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

NOW I HAVE A SITTER, TOO,
WHICH SHOWS WHAT COLGATE CARE CAN DO!



Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

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Invisible

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*Recommended by internationally famous fashion designers
for the way it slims you in cloud-soft comfort*



French Designer, JEAN DESSÈS:
"If you wear a Playtex, you will have the ideal figure for which my fashions are designed!"



Italian Designer, FONTANA:
"It works fashion magic! I insist that my mannequins wear Playtex under every dress!"

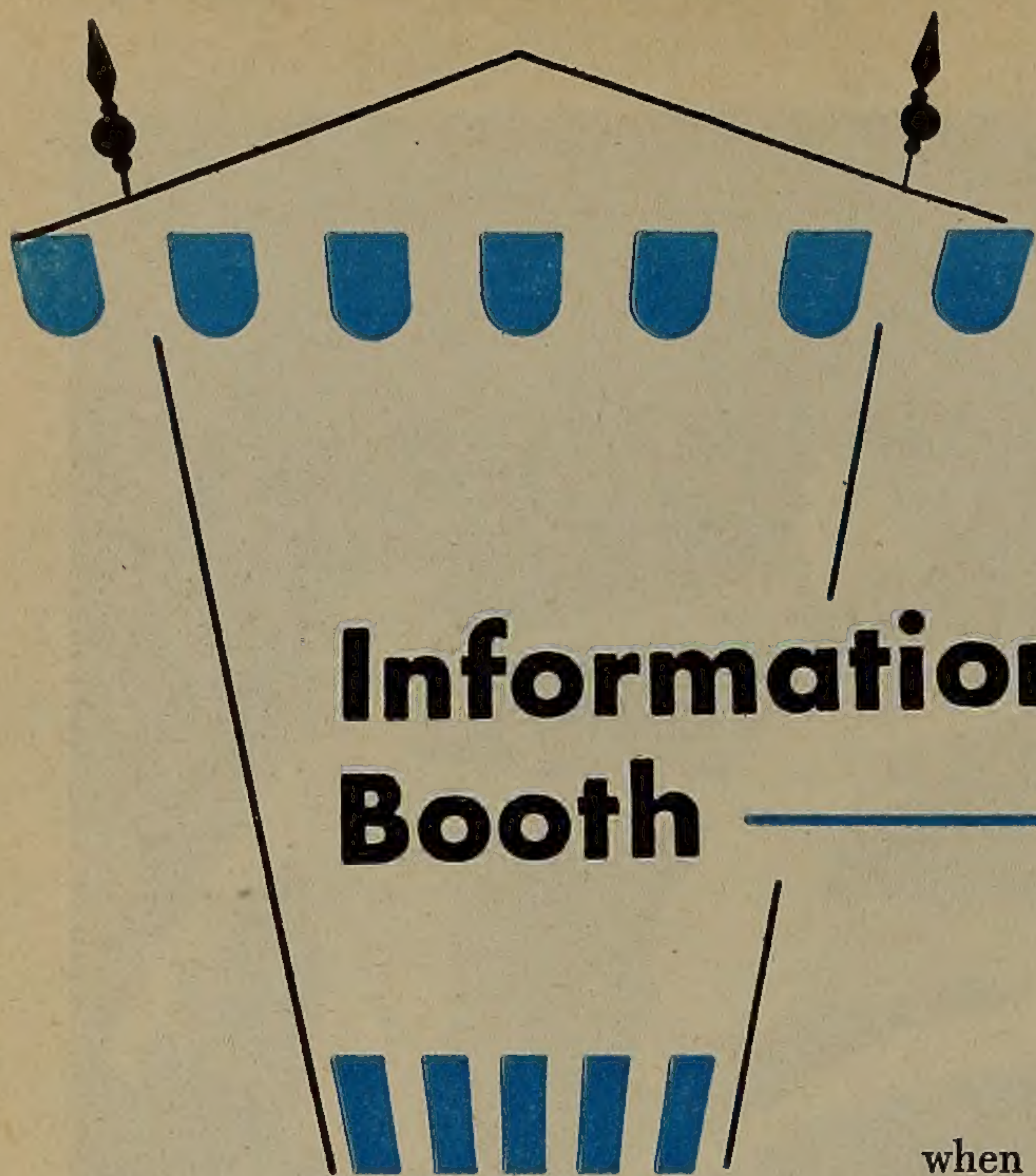


American Designer, TINA LESER:
"My advice is to wear Playtex. It slims where you need slimming, holds you in comfort!"

It's sparkling white, slims so beautifully, controls your curves, leaves you so free! Cloud-soft fabric is fused to smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone—invisible under all fashions. Washes in seconds, dries in a flash!



In SLIM shiny tubes, at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere. *White Magic*, \$5.95 and \$6.95. (Other Playtex Girdles in pink, blue and white from \$3.95.) All prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.



Information Booth

Ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

Ambitious Cadet

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information about the boy who plays Roger Manning on Space Cadet? I would like to see a picture of him.

B. H., Centerville Station, Ill.

Jan Merlin, better known to his fans as Roger Manning, is a native New Yorker. He served as torpedo-man in the Navy for four years. Before joining his present TV show, he played in "Mr. Roberts" for two years. He has also made films for TV and Twentieth Century-Fox and played in summer stock. Although he enjoys oil painting and writing plays and poetry, his life-long ambition is to head his own African safari.

Young Ranger

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of Don Hastings who plays the Video Ranger on Captain Video? Could you tell me his age and some other facts about him?

Miss B. S., New York, N. Y.

Born in Brooklyn on April 1, 1934, Don started in show business at the age of six

when he sang and acted on a children's show called, Coast to Coast on a Bus. Having appeared on Broadway in several plays and taken part in such radio shows as Studio One and Hilltop House, Don is probably one of the busiest young performers in New York.

Face Behind the Voice

Dear Editor:

There is a voice in radio that never fails to make me sit up and listen—Berry Kroeger's. I've heard him on Grand Central Station and, if I'm not mistaken, he is Conrad Overton on Road of Life. I would like to know what he looks like. Would you please print a picture of him?

Mrs. V. P., Rochester, N. Y.

Berry does play the part of Conrad Overton and he can also be heard as Sam Williams in Young Dr. Malone. Berry started out to be a concert pianist, but was so terrified at performing in public that his teacher suggested he take dramatic lessons to improve his stage presence. What Berry intended as a means to an end turned out to be the end in itself, for he found that he preferred acting to playing the piano.

Another Voice

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of the man called Peters on Counter-Spy. I think he has the most wonderful voice I've heard so far on radio. His name is Mandell

Kramer, is that right?

Miss P. S., Conshohocken, Pa.

Right! And below you will find a picture of the man who is heard on such shows as Counter-Spy, Brighter Day (in which he plays Anthony Race), Gang Busters, Big Town and True Detective. Mandell is married and has recently become the father of a baby girl.

Lost and Found

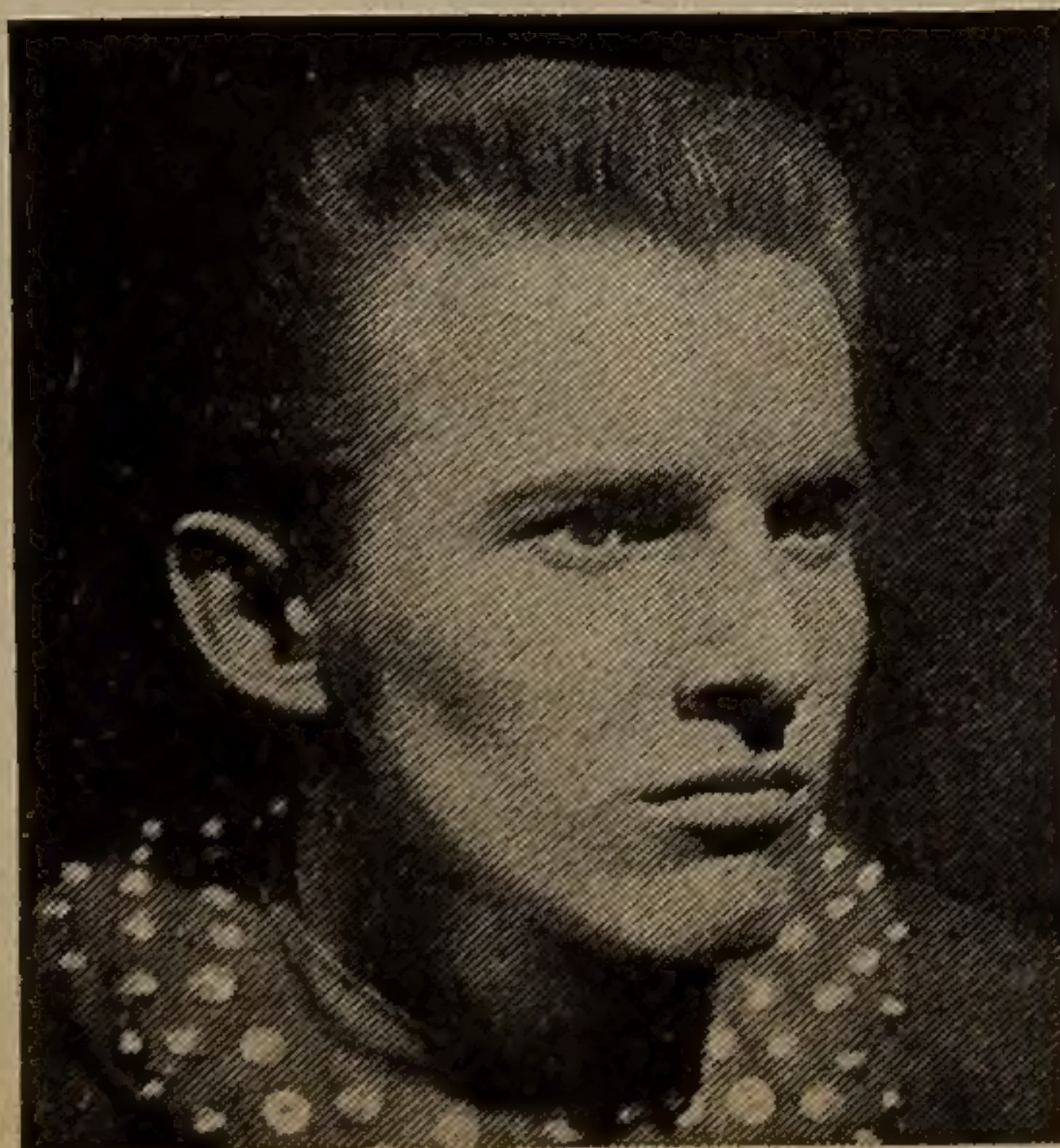
Dear Editor:

Can you give me any information about the two afternoon programs, When a Girl Marries and Portia Faces Life. They have been discontinued after so many years on the air. Will they be resumed later?

Miss A. E. T., Lansdowne, Pa.

Portia Faces Life has been taken off the air, but When a Girl Marries can still be heard Monday through Friday at 11:15 A.M. EST, over ABC.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



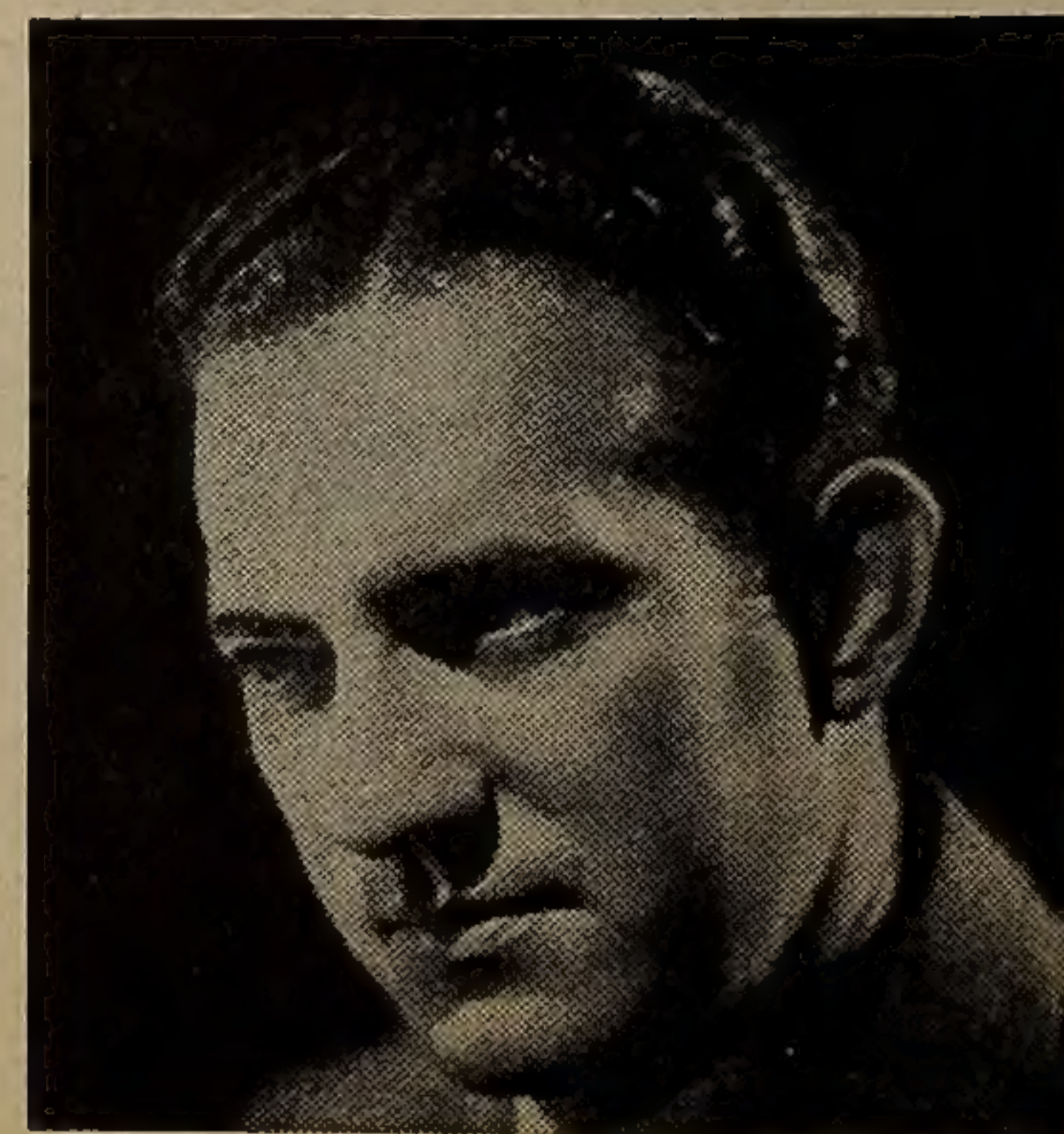
Jan Merlin



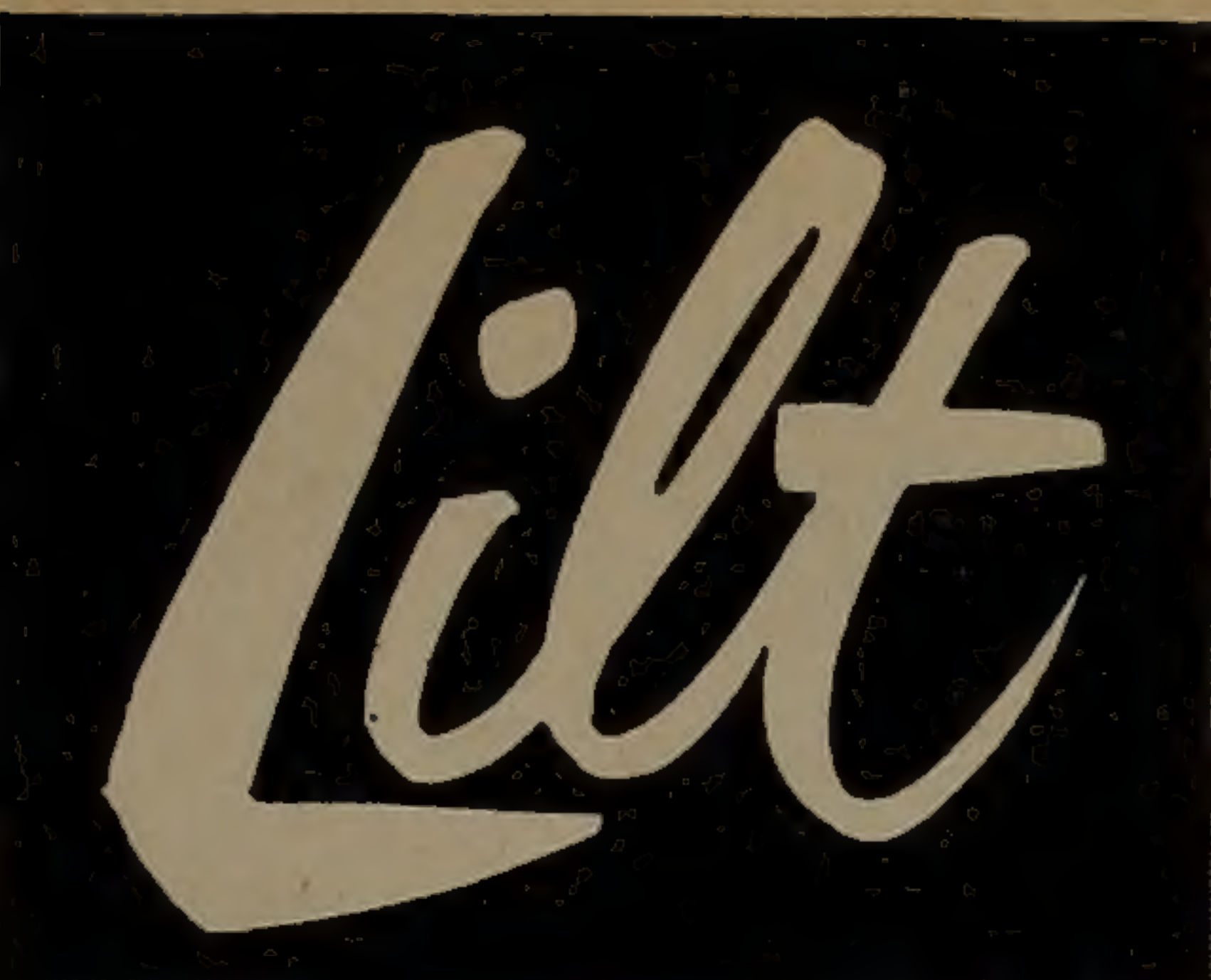
Don Hastings



Berry Kroeger



Mandell Kramer



Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only \$1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

Ermine stole, Bernham-Stein

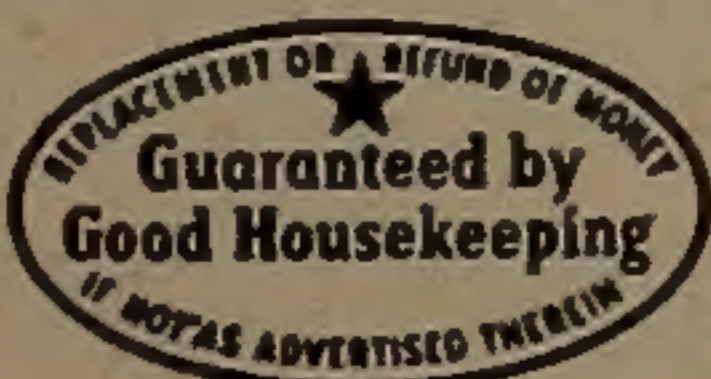


A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest. **Naturally Curly Hair!**



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Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

Versatile comb-outs

Olive Stacey's problem—how to make a basic style look different

By HARRIET SEGMAN

FOR THE gals who played the parts of various leading ladies of daytime serials in the days of radio only, there wasn't much concern with pretending to be the same person day after day and year after year. All you had to do was keep your voice in good shape. But, woe, the difference in television.

Blonde and pert Olive Stacey, star of CBS' First Hundred Years, was in a quandary for the first few months of her role as Connie Thayer. The problem was not so much how to look the same day after day in front of the cameras, but rather how to look different off camera and in between shows. Every woman, TV star or not, gets a little tired of looking the same day in and day out. That's how we explain that new hat or new dress—or what's even less expensive yet sometimes more effective, a new hairdo. How many of us have stood for hours in front of the mirror trying a new hair style, or simply gotten fed up with the same "old-hat" style and dashed off to the beauty shop clamoring for "something different." Well, we can try drastic changes and get away with it, but not so the star of a TV soap opera. The only time she can change the way she looks or change her coiffure is when the script writer of the show gives her the okay.

So Olive took herself and her problem to a man she was sure could solve it, noted hairstylist, John Fonda. As a doctor with a patient, John examined Olive carefully—her hair texture, her facial contours, her coloring. Then he designed a style that would serve two purposes: one, it could be managed easily; and two, it would be a "versatile" style. In other words, it would be a style that would have Olive looking the same every day for her TV role and yet it would be a style that would also lend itself to several different comb-outs. This "comb-out theory of versatility" is one of Mr. Fonda's favorites.

"Very often, we give many different types of women the same basic set", he explained. "Yet after we have combed out their hair you would not realize at all it was the same basic set. That's where we get versatility!"

Actually it is simple. The hair can be combed to make it curl closely about the head, or it can be brushed out to achieve the effect of long, loose curls. Hair pieces can be added to make curls or braids on top, or can be matched to fit under the hair to give it extra length.

Olive has solved her problem and by studying your own hair carefully, by experimenting a little, you can make your own "versatile comb-outs."



1) The basic style—the way Olive must appear every day.

2) Versatility takes over for formal wear with hair pulled back from face and hair piece worn as a braid.

3) The latest version—back to softer, feminine lines with longer, looser curls.

"This 30-second cloudburst lasted all day!"

says **LIZABETH SCOTT**, co-starring in
"RED MOUNTAIN"

A Hal Wallis Production for Paramount
Color by Technicolor



"YOU KNOW HOW RAW WEATHER CHAPS SKIN. I SPENT A WHOLE DAY, IN THE ICY RAIN, MAKING THIS SCENE FOR 'RED MOUNTAIN' . . .



LATER, I had to fire blanks 'til my hands were fiery red...



AND CLAWING this sandy floor was rough on my hands again...



BUT I USED Jergens Lotion to soothe my hands and face...



SO THEY were wonderfully smooth for romantic close-ups.



AT HOME, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret."



BEING LIQUID, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin...

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or hand cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as with a lotion or hand cream that leaves a heavy, oily film.

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...



SEE WHY Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-11!



DECEMBER

... and of course, when you speak that word, you immediately think of Christmas—of which, more later. In spite of what the children think, December does have dates other than the 25th. The 2nd, for instance, on which John Brown was hanged, in 1859 . . . The 10th, on which, in 1936, King Edward VIII abdicated to marry "the woman I love" . . . The 16th, on which the Boston Tea Party took place in 1773 . . . The 26th, on which a gentleman by the name of Nason patented, in 1865, the coffee percolator . . . The 28th, on which another gentleman (and I use the term advisedly) took out a patent, in 1869, on a revolutionary product known as chewing gum. But enough of this reminiscing—let's get down to the month of December in the year at hand. Regarding the weather, our tried and trusty friend the *Old Farmer's Almanac* has one firm, overall, month-long prediction to make. To wit, snow, snow and more snow. Get out your shovel, Pop! Although winter officially begins December 22 at, to be precise, 11:01 A.M., looks as if you'll need your boots and earmuffs before then.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Link (to 11-year-old-girl): Have you any sisters or brothers?
 Girl: No, I'm single.

Link: You're a pretty colleen. Tell me, did your mother meet your father in Ireland?

Girl: No, in the YMCA!

Art Linkletter's

Nonsense and some-sense



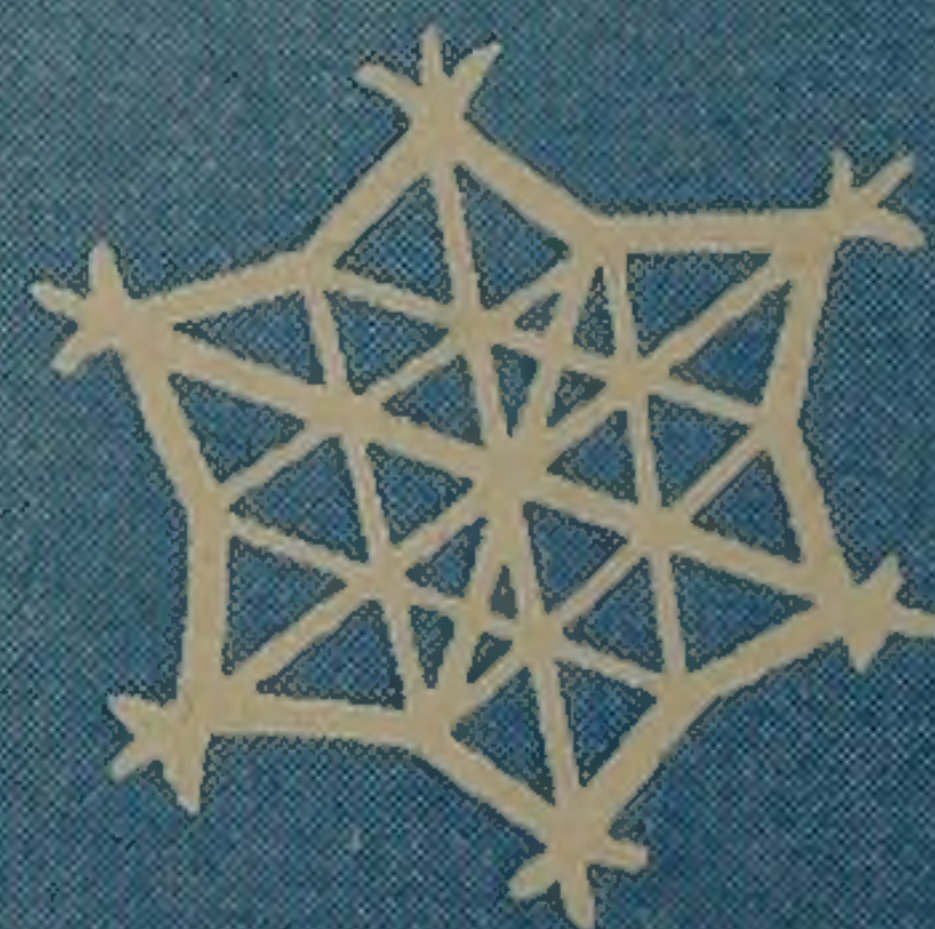
QUICK QUIZ—

Here's one, called Ladies' Day, to sharpen your own wits. Or, if you want to be elaborate about it, prepare lists in advance and use the quiz as a pencil-and-paper game at your next party. The object: following is a list of animals—all males. Can you name the female counterpart? For instance, the female counterpart of the male *bull* is *cow*. Now try your hand at naming the "wives" of these fellows: (a) buck, (b) drake, (c) fox, (d) gander, (e) lion, (f) ram, (g) stallion, (h) stag.

ANSWERS

hind (h)
 ewe (f)
 goose (d)
 duck (b)

mare (g)
 lioness (e)
 vixen (c)
 doe (a)



Reader's Own Verse

REFLECTIONS ON ICE

I love to watch the slant of snow,
To feel it pelt my face. I know
The angry wind that whirls it round
Will press it fiercely to the ground,
Plating the avenues and streets
With continents of icy sheets.
I know the consequence of snow!
Regretfully, I watch it go:
For, I don't fear the glacial mass,
The endless stretch of frosted glass.

No youngster's feet could be more
deft;
Iced walks I rarely slip on . . .
It's the last, unnoticed patch that's left
That I skid and wrench my hip on!
Leonard K. Schiff

DEADLY SPECIES

On the first of the month,
(Please note: Without fail!)
No female is deadlier
Than the mail!

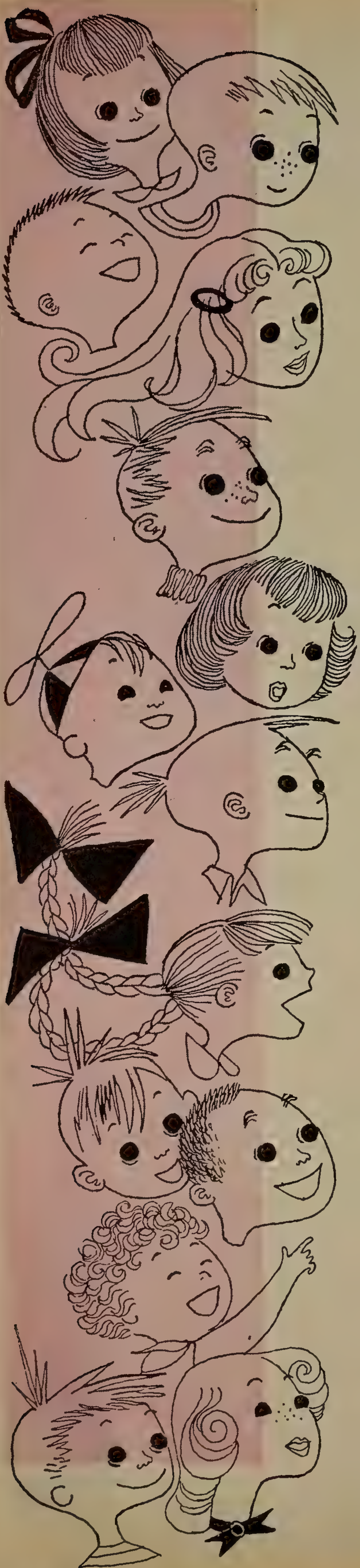
—Pauline Saltzman

Life With Linkletter, alt. Fri., 7:30 P.M.
EST, ABC-TV; sponsor, Green Giant. House
Party, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS; sponsor,
Pillsbury Mills. People Are Funny, Tues.,
8 P.M. EST, CBS; sponsored by Mars Candy.

O, TANNENBAUM—

I'm told that the Christmas tree has
been used in America for only about
a hundred years. Legend has it that
on the night of Christ's birth, all the
trees in the forest blossomed and
bore fruit . . . It is said that all the
trees of the forest went to the manger
to pay homage to the King. The tiny
evergreen was crowded into the back-
ground by the larger trees and, to
make up for that, stars from the sky
settled on the little evergreen, so that
it would be plainly seen . . . The first
decorated Christmas tree in England
was introduced by Prince Albert, Ger-
man-born husband of Queen Victoria
. . . Christmas trees are used nowa-
days in every part of America and,
although evergreens are most popular
other kinds—sometimes even palms
and cactus—are used when fir trees
aren't available. While we're on this
cheery subject, let's look at another
important factor in the Christmas
celebration, Santa Claus. The jolly
old fellow isn't by any means ours
alone—although we do have a town
named Santa Claus, out in Indiana,
which gives us a sort of claim. Our
jolly Christmas friend is presumed to
be a descendent of the European St.
Nicholas. In some countries it's the
Christ Kindle—the Christ Child—
who brings the presents. Some places
the gift bringer is known as Kris
Kingle. In Sweden, Jul Tomten or
Tomta Jubba, a tiny old man, is re-
sponsible for Yuletide largesse.
(Bread-and-milk is always left out
for him, and in the morning it's gone
—although skeptics have been known
to point to the family cat, placidly
cleaning her whiskers in the corner!)
In some sections of China the Christ-
mas Old Father brings presents, while
in Russia it's Grandfather Frost. Pere
Noel does the Yule honors in France;
in Denmark, Jule Nissen. In Greece
St. Basil, making his rounds by ship
instead of sleigh, delivers the gifts.





JUNIOR

MORE WIZARDRY

by
MR. WIZARD



1. Do you think you could pick up two cups with one balloon? Sounds impossible, doesn't it? Well, you can and here's how.



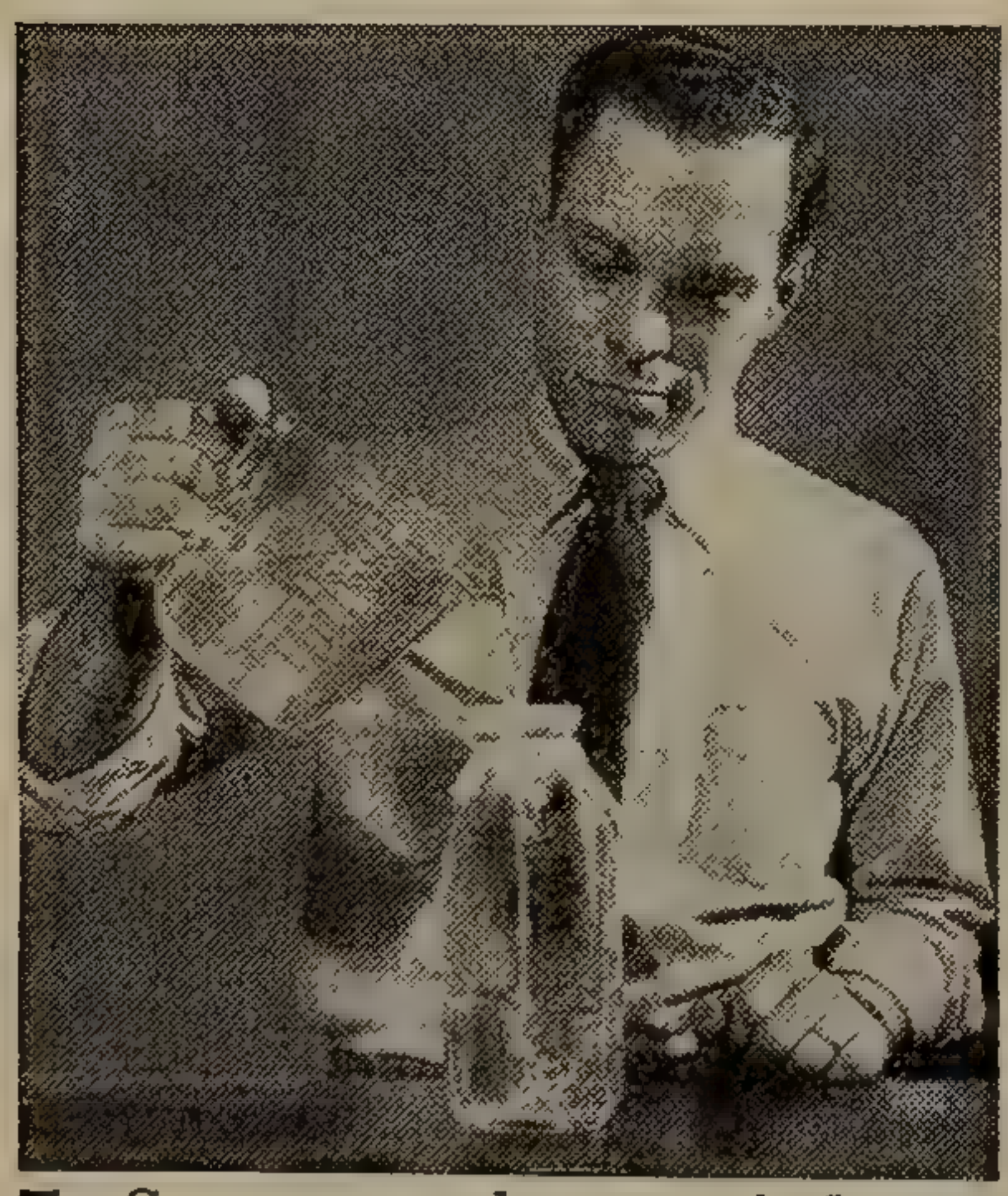
2. Hold both cups on the side, as I'm doing in this picture. Then blow up the balloon so that it inflates between the cups.



3. Squeeze the neck of the balloon together and PRESTO! The secret is pressure inside the balloon holds cups up.



4. You wouldn't wear a raincoat of cheesecloth, but a bottle of water stays full upside down with cheesecloth on top.



5. Secure two layers of cheesecloth to the top with a rubber band. Pour water through until bottle is three-quarters full.



6. Now turn the bottle upside down—and more Wizardry! The pressure of air pushing at opening holds water in.

Don Herbert, as Mr. Wizard, can be seen Saturday at 12 Noon EST, NBC-TV.

R
M

MIRROR



A MISSION WITH THE SPACE PATROL

HIGH adventure with the Space Patrolers is seen every Sunday at 4:30 P.M. EST on ABC-TV stations and heard, as well, at 10:30 A.M. EST every Saturday on the ABC radio network. Buzz Corry, Commander-in-Chief of the Space Patrol, carries out missions of daring in the name of interplanetary justice. But in these pictures, as you may have seen them on TV, Buzz and his crew thought they were about to relax and enjoy a pleasure cruise in a new luxury space yacht of the latest design. Navigating the test-flight to Pluto, the outermost planet, is Tonga and at the controls is Major Robertson, Security Chief. So comfortable and easy is the ship to handle, in comparison with their battle cruiser, that when Buzz offers to relieve Major Robertson, the Major says, "Are you kidding, Commander? I'm having too much fun." So Buzz and Cadet Happy remain in the luxurious lounge eating a dinner that Carol has prepared. In the meantime, Major Robertson goes back to the controls, marvelling at the ease with which the ship handles. Instead of a pilot wheel, all he does is push a button. Tonga sits at the navigator's panel checking their position in space. Suddenly, she becomes alarmed and calls Major Robertson.

Now, through the pictures, follow the rest of this exciting adventure:



1. Tonga reports that the ship is off course and they will miss Pluto. They are getting more power from the rockets on one side and radioactivity is increasing.



2. A sudden explosion rocks the ship. Buzz, Carol and Happy are knocked down. Major Robertson reports that their communications are wrecked and they can't even signal for help.



3. Buzz puts Carol and Tonga to work assembling a bomb with atomic fuel. He intends to explode half the ship, hoping the debris will act as a signal flare to Pluto.



4. The three men, with jet packs strapped to their backs, start to cut the ship in half with a heat torch. They work furiously for their oxygen is timed to go off in thirty minutes.

5. The huge cloud given off by the explosion is seen at Pluto and a patrol investigates. The group is saved with only a minor injury suffered by the Major.



How to give a football party



Give your guests a chance to pick the winner of the big game—and other games as well—by setting up your own football pool.



An invitation is the ticket of admission to your living-room stadium. Just borrow Junior's water colors, buy some white cardboard and paint away!



After the game is over, it's time for the payoff. And when Papa wins he has to watch out for Mama's dainty but alert hand as he collects the prize—or thinks that he does.

THIS YEAR, thanks to television, your old easy chair is right on the fifty yard line. Smart hostesses, aware of this happy circumstance, are becoming increasingly popular among their friends by giving Saturday afternoon football parties right in their own living rooms.

It's a fun afternoon—and an inexpensive one—once the football spirit catches on in your TV stadium. You get right into the swing of this new type of party with the invitations themselves. Send an informal note to each guest, and accompany it with a homemade ticket reserving a seat on the fifty yard line for the best game of the day. You can draw the tickets yourself

and you don't have to be a Rembrandt to do it.

The afternoon can be made even more interesting, if your guests are so minded, by setting up a pool and having one of the guests run it for you. You can make the pool as simple or as complicated as you want. A simple pool can be formed by selecting an appropriate number of teams from your newspaper and making a chart for your guests to pick from. Then, after everyone has made their selections, have the choices recorded. The one who picks the most winners gets 50% of the total sum, second 35%, third 15%. The grand winner has the privilege of investing

in dinner for the group that evening.

For refreshments at half-time, the choice is as wide as the world is round. However, many hostesses find that the most desirable edibles are those that closely emulate the fare of the stadium—hot dogs and Cokes. The ordinary torrid puppies can be glorified by the addition of bacon, American cheese and prepared mustard. Served with a green salad tossed in a bowl, you'll have a half-time snack that scores a touchdown with any real pigskin fan.

All told, a Saturday TV party offers a lot of fun for very little. The pay-off comes when bets are collected—and when your guests say, "Best game I ever saw!"



Mary Jane Higby

FOR AS long as Mary Jane Higby can remember, she's been living somebody else's life. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, where her father, Wilbur Higby, owned a stock company, Mary Jane spent the first five years of her life backstage. "I couldn't help being an actress," she says. "Father was a director-actor, and mother a singer. I did my first walk-on before I was a year old."

When Mary Jane was five, her father went to Hollywood to work for D. W. Griffith. One day she was waiting at the studio gate when a director saw her, took her inside, and the next morning she was making a picture—"Where the Trail Divides." Later she played in "The Master Key" and "Jack and the Beanstalk."

By the time she was eighteen Mary Jane was a seasoned actress, in pictures, on the stage and in vaudeville. It was only natural that she should turn to radio. "I went through the routine of auditions," says Mary Jane. "Nothing happened until one night the director of the Shell Show called. His leading lady was ill. He wanted to know if I could go on the air in twenty-eight minutes. He was so confident that I played Mary Tudor without even a rehearsal!"

From then on radio was her forte. She played regularly on Camel Caravan, Lux Radio Theatre, the Marx Brothers' show—and for two years wrote and produced a weekly children's program. In 1938 she came to New York. "I was very lucky," Mary Jane says. "The third day in New York I went to see Lanny Ross and he gave me one of the leading roles in Show Boat."

Since then Mary Jane has been heard on numerous broadcasts and has played Joan Davis in When A Girl Marries for almost eleven years.



Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gives you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. You do far more than remove dirt and make-up when you wash thoroughly every day with Dial. Dial with AT-7 effectively *clears skin* of bacteria that often aggravate and spread pimples and surface blemishes. Skin doctors know this, and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY



Bedlam in Baltimore

WITH's Buddy Deane recently offered the biggest prize in radio history — himself. A lucky Baltimore housewife won his services for three hours and the happy disc jockey had the dubious honor of scrubbing the floor.



No, this is not usual broadcast attire. Buddy is merely paying off a bet by broadcasting in his pajamas. Drivers who cared to stop for a minute were offered records — until traffic jammed and the show returned to the studio.

Buddy Deane of Baltimore's *WITH* readily admits that his program has been called by other names but he likes to have it known as the "Waking 'Uppest' Show on the Radio." And wake up the people of Baltimore, he does, every morning from 6:30 to 9:30.

Buddy has done almost everything that any "gimmick" happy disc jockey could do. He gave himself away as the first prize in an original letter contest and insisted that he was the *biggest* prize in the history of radio. He agreed that the winner would have his services for three hours. If a housewife won, he was to do her chores; if a teenager won, all homework and class assignments were to be done; and if a man were the winner, he was to take in a ball game, while Buddy kept office. Buddy ended up with dishpan hands and a young housewife as a lifelong friend.

One of Buddy's features is "The Hate Parade" which is presented in the public disinterest. He promises not to play whatever record the listeners might have more fun *not* listening to than all others. The program is sponsored, appropriately enough by an imaginary product known as "Deanies." Deanies come in the well known, pale, seasick green carton and are available at all disreputable grocery stores. With all of this nonsense, Buddy claims he maintains the highest "Hoover" rating of anyone on the air. More women turn on their vacuum cleaners when he goes on the radio, than during any other program!

Oh yes, just every now and then Buddy gets in a record. He leans heavily on the most popular tunes of the day, but he also adds a few all-time favorites, a little good jazz, and even some wild and woolly hill-billy numbers. Usually while the Western numbers are playing, one can hear sound effects of bar-room brawls, canyon gun fights and the friendly voice of old "Trudge-along" Deane, as he chimes in over the records singing completely out of tune and off key. Buddy also has a little gremlin named WUBS, for "Wake Up Baltimore Show," who sits on top of the microphone and talks to the disc jockey while he is on the air. WUBS has a real voice, and can carry on an actual conversation, give the time, weather, and make comments. How Deane gets the unusual voice is a closely guarded trade secret of the engineering department and Buddy himself.

Born and reared in Arkansas, Buddy got his first radio job in Little Rock. Later he moved to WHHM in Memphis, Tennessee. With this background, Bud naturally has a Southern accent, which he hasn't tried to improve at all. He just draws on. While it has irritated some, it has made many of the listeners even more enthusiastic.

Buddy just recently started a new afternoon program from two until four. On top of this already heavy schedule, he m.c.'s Swing Class each evening from 7:30 to 8:00. As the title suggests, this program is dedicated to jazz and swing. With all these programs on his schedule, Buddy manages to slip in m.c. jobs at the various theatres and is always anxious to participate in worthwhile activities for civic organizations. Of the radio programs, Buddy has this to say, "You know, it's a funny thing, but mother likes them all."



Henry Russell

HENRY Russell, music director for The Halls of Ivy, points to himself as a "horrible example" of what happens to people who dabble in amateur dramatics.

While attending pre-med school at North Dakota State College, he was invited to participate in a school show. He wound up writing the show, book, music and orchestration—and switching careers, with the result that he now knows hardly anything about vitamins and such.

It wasn't until The Halls of Ivy came along that Henry became a doctor. He has a cigarette case—a gift from the show's creator, Don Quinn—inscribed "To Dr. Henry Russell, Head of the Music Department, Ivy College."

After forsaking medicine for music, he got a job as pianist and arranger with Ted Weems, and later with George Olsen. He moved into the spotlight when he organized his own orchestra and made his debut at the old Coast Room of Chicago's Drake Hotel. Then Victor Borge heard of him and signed him for his first commercial radio venture.

Eventually Hollywood beckoned. Russell went to the Coast to be heard on the Fitch Bandwagon with Cass Daley. At the conclusion of the Bandwagon run, he stayed at NBC to act as music director for the Western Network.

He has conducted classes in music and radio at the University of California in Los Angeles.

The theme song, "The Halls of Ivy," which is heard weekly on the Colman show, was composed by Russell especially for this program.

Henry was born on September 4, 1913, in Moorhead, Minnesota. He was educated at North Dakota State College and the North Dakota Conservatory of Music. He and his wife Cuquita have two children, Edmund, 18, and Jensina, 4.

The Russells live in Sherman Oaks in the San Fernando Valley.

Double Beauty Offer

2 wonderful creams to make you doubly lovely!



Woodbury Cold Cream—to give deeper cleansing than ever before!

Woodbury's new wonder-working ingredient, Penaten, makes the cleansing, softening oils in Woodbury Cold Cream *penetrate deeper* than ever. It gently floats away dust and grime—leaves skin immaculate and exquisitely smooth.



Woodbury Dry Skin Cream—to give youthful softness even to extra-dry skin!

The magic of Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream carries lanolin and 4 other softeners deep into the corneum layers of the skin. It soothes away dry lines—makes skin smoother, younger-looking with the *first* application!

Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream with Fabulous new Penaten **FREE** when you buy Woodbury Cold Cream . . .

94¢ value only **69¢** plus tax



Look for this display at your favorite cosmetic counter! Get your gift of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream while the offer lasts!

Design for fashion

BLANCHE RAVISSE has a pet peeve. "Men just love to poke fun at women's fashions," she grumbles, "but they don't realize that the male sex has a definite stake in a girl's appearance."

Miss Ravisse, who runs the very popular fashion segment on the Ted Steele Show (WPIX, daily, 2:30-3:00 P.M.) points out that when a man goes out with a woman who is dressed in the height of fashion, her good taste compliments her companion as well as herself.

Does this mean that in order to look well dressed at all times, the average woman must negotiate a rapid flow of that which is dearest to all our hearts—namely—money?

"Decidedly not!" Miss Ravisse exclaims with distinct finality. "High fashion is not the exclusive province of the very rich and extravagant. It's not what you own—it's what you do with the clothes on hand that counts."

On the Steele program, Blanche shows precisely how a woman can take the fullest advantage of the most common clothing items—from economical cotton dresses on up. A particularly talented artist and designer, our attractive fashion expert takes chalk in hand to illustrate her points. These "chalk talks" deal not only with women's fashions but with the needs of men and children too.

In the course of conducting her fashion programs, Blanche has discovered that the world—or at least that part of it which watches television—is full of frustrated designers. One day she invited her listeners to send in their own fashion ideas. Since then, she's been flooded with thousands of letters. Every week, she makes a glamorous sketch of the best idea and puts it on the show.

Blanche is one of those rare New Yorkers who was born in New York. Unlike so many professional specialists who, as little girls, think they want to become

kindergarten teachers, or the wives of Bavarian counts, Blanche knew immediately that she would become a fashion designer. This was her first ambition, and today it has become a reality.

While studying, the energetic Blanche spent her spare time as a traveling sketcher for an advertising agency and as a showroom sample sketcher. Soon, Billy Gordon, one of the better designers, hired Blanche as his assistant. Subsequently, she did extensive work in designing women's and children's dresses for the New York market, originals for the wholesale market, and planned and presented various fashion shows in the United States, Mexico, and Cuba.

In addition, Blanche did a considerable amount of private designing for a theatrical clientele at home and for prominent women in Mexico and Cuba. "I like that best," she confides. "You can really create clothes to fit personalities."



"It's not what you own—it's what you do with your clothes," says WPIX fashion commentator, Blanche Ravisse. Blanche, who is seen on the Ted Steele Show, shows the gals how simple accessories can make for smart clothes and demonstrates tricks of designing clothes for yourself.

Where is there the greatest originality in fashions?

"Central and South America!" Blanche cries with enthusiasm. "I'll never forget the extended trip I took in that region. What ideas! I borrowed liberally from what I saw there for my own creations."

Beside Blanche Ravisse, the fashion commentator (in addition to her WPIX program, she manages at least a dozen trade and hotel shows a month) there is Blanche Ravisse, the housewife. Her husband is the president of a group of pharmaceutical houses and the managing director of a research laboratory.

"I like being a career woman," Blanche admits, "but first and foremost, I'm a wife. Running your own household gives you a feeling of purpose and belonging which you can't get if someone else does it for you. I never let anything interfere with my home—not even a Schiaparelli original!"



for him...

White Star's Modernaire Leather Luggage.
Shown left to right: Jumbo 4-Suiter,
Executive 2-Suiter and Combination Case.
Prices start at about \$32.50.*

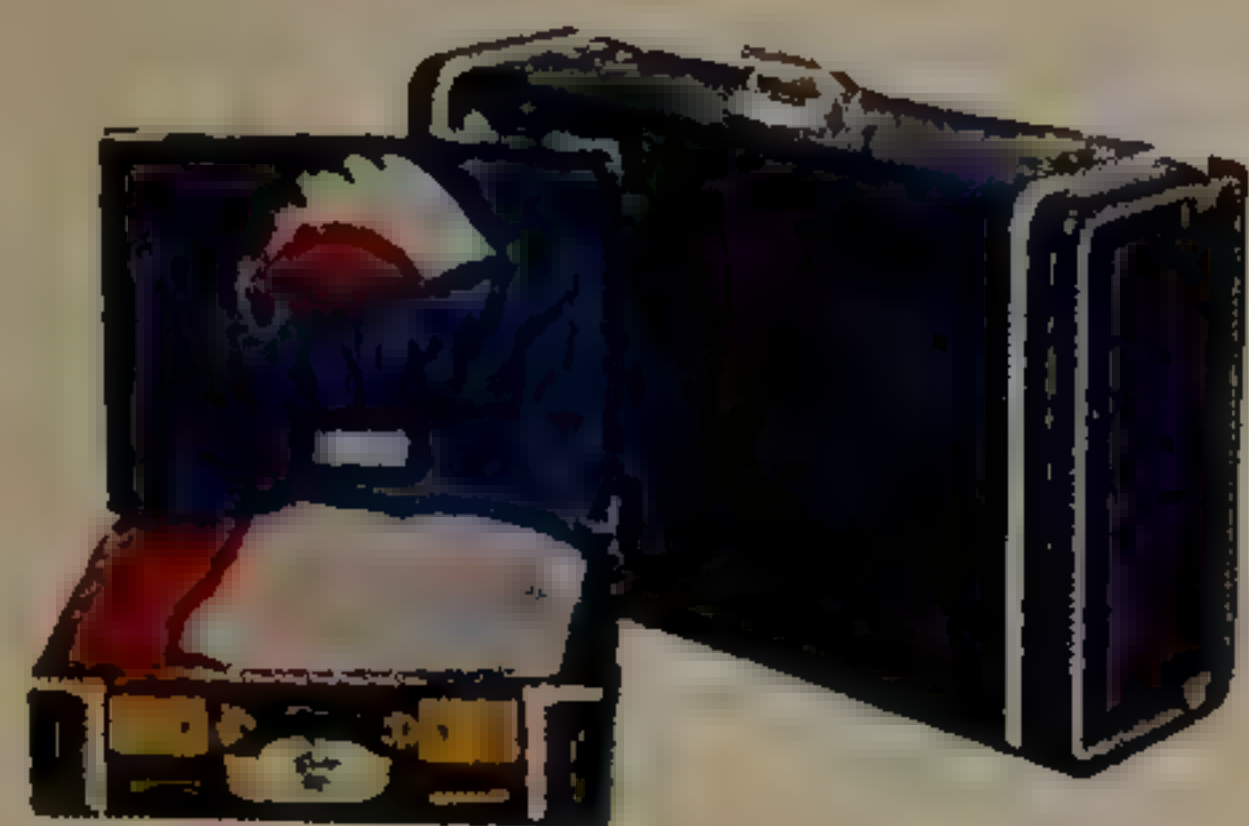


WHITE STAR LUGGAGE

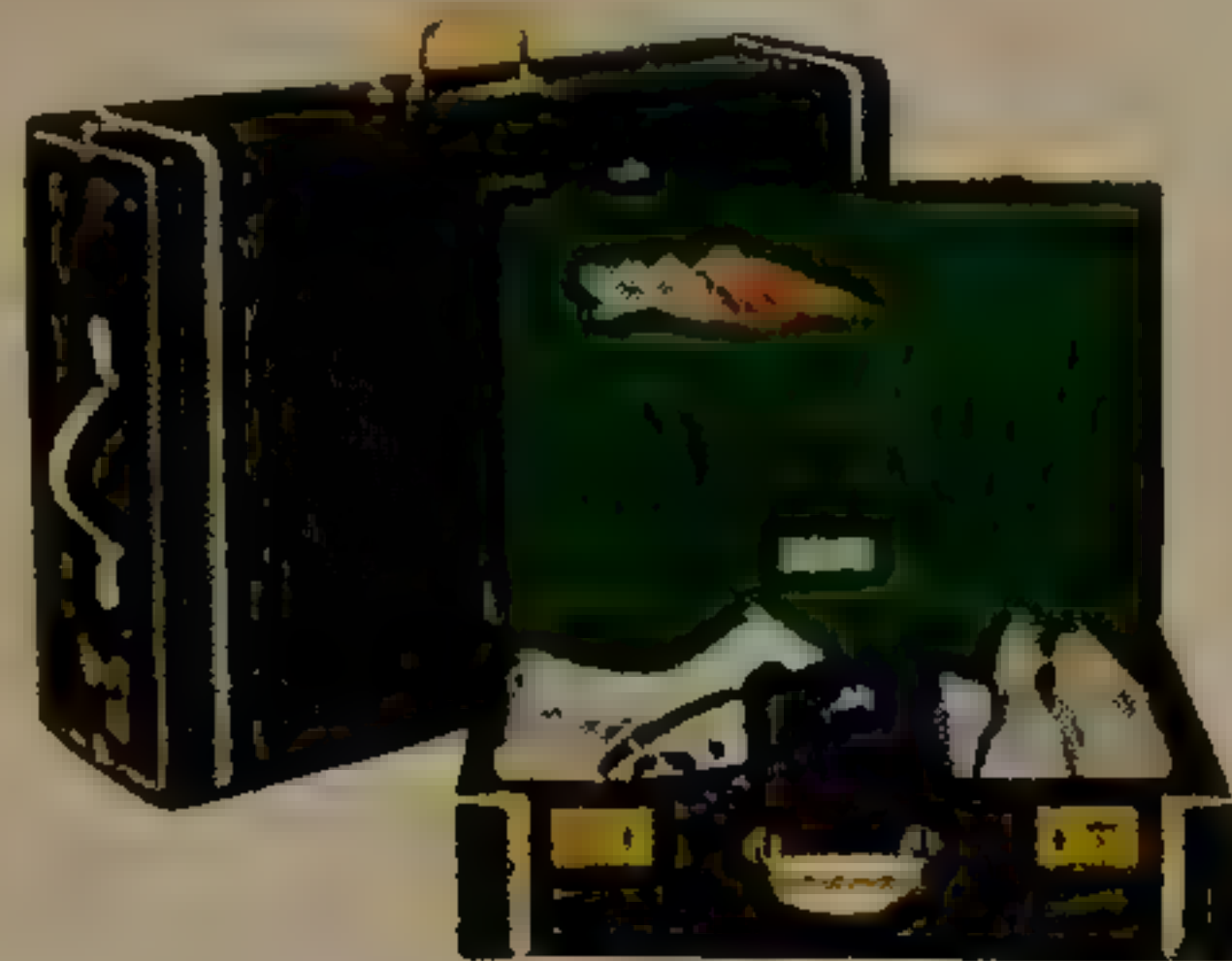
the gift for holidays of pleasure...

for her...

White Star's De Luxe Two-Toned "Feather-Weight" Luggage.
Shown left to right: Grey Feather Hat
& Shoe Case, Cosmetic Case,
26" Pullman Case and 18" O'niter.



BLUE FEATHER
15" O'niter and 29" Pullman



GREEN FEATHER
Jumbo Wardrobe and 21" Weekender



BURGUNDY FEATHER
Wardrobe and Cosmetic Case

Look for **White Star**



*Suit by David Crystal
Hat by Betmar*

Styled for smart travel . . . fashioned for Christmas and "special occasion" gifts such as anniversaries, birthdays, graduations . . . WHITE STAR'S DE LUXE TWO-TONED "FEATHER-WEIGHT" Luggage! Sturdy water-repellent coverings, dual rawhide-cowhide leather bindings, lovely Celanese Clairanese linings and comfortable-to-carry White Star handles. Choose White Star Luggage today . . . the investment in travel smartness . . . the gift that guarantees miles of pleasure! Prices start at about \$17* for the 15" O'niter. At fine luggage shops and better department stores throughout the country. For store nearest you write: White Star Luggage Corp., Dept. 6, Philadelphia 32, Penna.

*plus any existing tax

your smartest travel accessory

White Star

L U G G A G E



How I Changed My Personality With **Mennen Baby Magic**



Diaper rash had me howling,
Wailing and yowling,
My skin was so sore 'twas tragic!

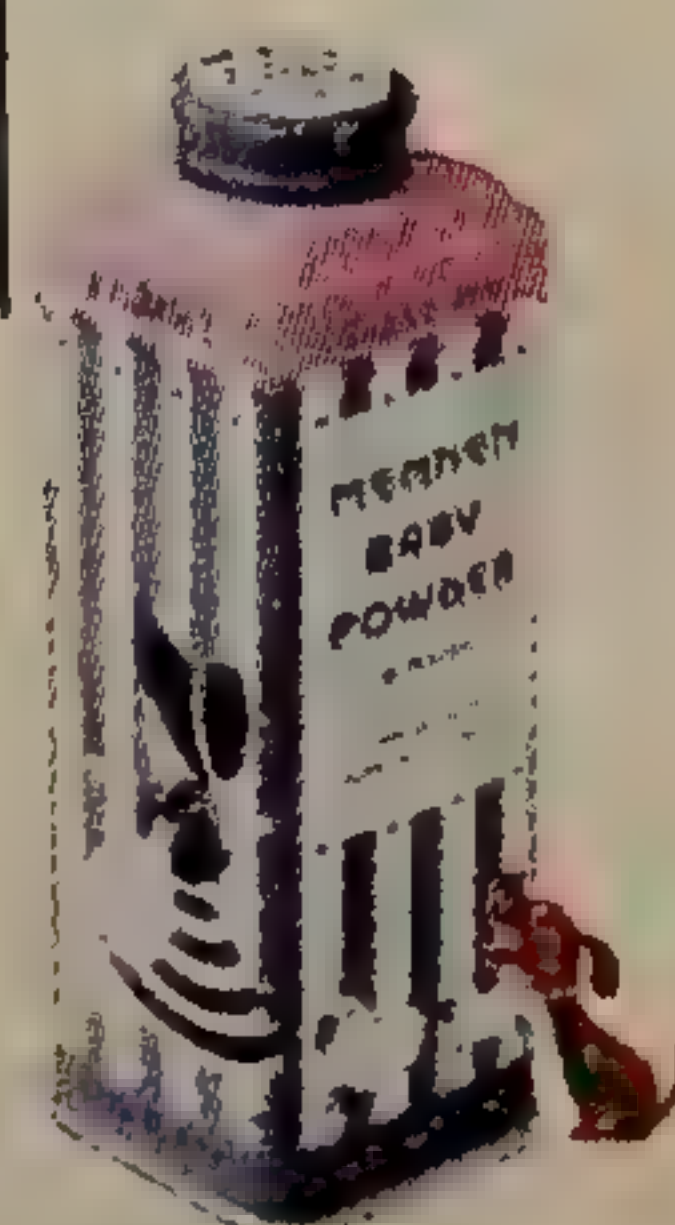
Mummy said: don't you cry,
I know what we'll try,
That wonderful thing that's called Magic!

Now my skin feels divine,
So soft, smooth and fine,
I'm gay as a bird in a tree.

I'm fresh as the dawn.
Diaper problems? All gone!
Baby Magic worked magic for me!

***the only skin care in the nursery-safe,
unbreakable Squeeze Bottle...that
checks diaper odor and diaper rash***

Reminder for mother: Don't forget, when you buy Baby Magic, to get a superfine powder, too. None is purer, softer, smoother than Mennen Baby Powder! Delectably scented. Helps soothe chafing, prickles, itchy, irritated skin. Amusing Built-in Rattle...Mother Goose pictures on sides—at no extra cost!



MENNEN
BABY PRODUCTS

Poetry

MARY AT BETHLEHEM

Warm
The straw upon earth
Warmer
The Babe by her side.
Sweet
The peace after childbirth
Sweeter
Her Joseph's pride.
Bright
The star in the sky
Brighter
The glow of lamp on wood.
Rich
The gifts of the Magi
Richer
Her motherhood.

MARIE EISENBRANDT

WINTER MORNING

Mother's cooking oatmeal
(Stir it with a spoon)
David's at the window
Looking at the moon.

Moon is in the tree top
Very high and far;
Hanging close beside her
David sees a star . . .

Like the glow of candle
Yellow in the night,
Like the tree of Christmas
Shimmering with light...

Mother's cooking oatmeal
(Turn the fire low)
Moon bright and star bright
Shining on the snow.

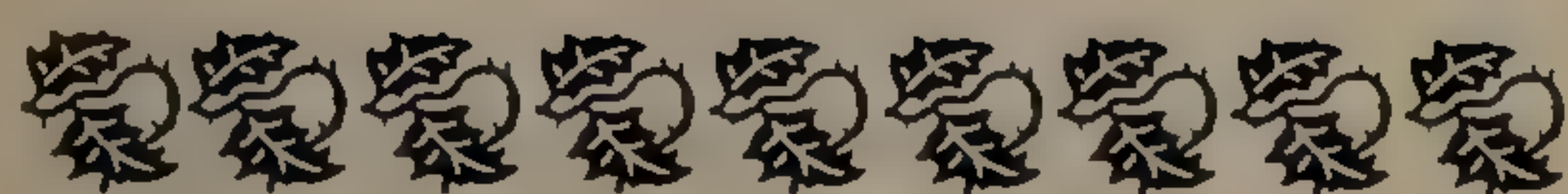
ALICE CARVER CRAMER

THE GIFT

'Twas such a silly little gift
I almost laughed—until I
saw his eyes,
Then swift I knew he gave me
more than they
Who piled the satins high and
smiled and went their way.

I held the little turtle
in my hand
And rubbed the roughened shell
where moss had dried,
I watched him twist his brown toe
in the sand
And somehow tears—I wondered later
why I cried.

GEORGE W. MARTIN



THE WINTERY HILLS

The owl comes down from the wintry hills,
Comes down to the town where he never should be.
With quivers and quakes and shivers and chills
He sits to roost in the sycamore tree;
And the crisp leaves crackle and whisper so
Into the wind and the hominy snow!

Now the winter-dark in the hills comes soon
And there's many an hour before the break,
For the sun goes down in the afternoon
With time to sleep, to sleep, and wake . . .
When the man goes by in his deep dark boots
The owl looks over his specs and hoots!

And the haughty old house with arms atilt
Pretends to be lonely and ruminant
When the woman quickens beneath her quilt
And cries: "What roosts in the white tree's slant?
Remembrance, roust now," she whispers,
"go
Into the wind and the hominy snow!"

FRANCES ELEONORE SCHLUNER

RADIO-TV MIRROR WILL PAY \$5.00 FOR MARCH POETRY

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poem to sixteen lines. *No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it.* Poetry for the March issue must be submitted between November 10 and December 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by January 10, 1952, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: March Poetry, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



DEBORAH KERR . . . Lustre-Creme presents
one of the 12 women voted as having the world's loveliest hair. Deborah Kerr uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Deborah Kerr uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo—high praise for this unique shampoo, because beautiful hair is vital to the glamour-careers of Hollywood stars.

Deborah Kerr is one of 12 women named by "Modern Screen" and famed hair stylists as having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its rich, lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean.

Hair robbed of its sheen now glows with new highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water, needs no special after-rinse.

NO OTHER cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



Rough, dry skin. "A friend suggested Noxzema for my rough, dry skin and it helped immensely," says Wannah Lee of Kansas City, Mo. "Now, I use it every day—and as my powder base and night cream—to help keep my skin looking smooth!"

Look Lovelier in 10 Days

with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give your skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless*, natural-looking powder base . . . the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal blemishes*, helps your skin look softer and smoother.

Your Money Back! If this Home Facial doesn't help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

*externally-caused

Save this! Follow Noxzema's Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



Morning—Apply Noxzema. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of *greaseless* Noxzema for a protective powder base.



Evening— "Creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up—without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly massage with Noxzema to help soften, smooth. Pat extra over blemishes* to help heal.

Special Offer!

NOXZEMA skin cream
BIG 85¢ JAR

now only **59¢** plus tax

Limited Time Only.

At any drug or cosmetic counter.

Fun of the month

Breakfast Club

Don McNeill was talking to an apartment-hunting friend of his who came forth with this sage comment: "Today it's tougher to find good quarters than a better half." Breakfast Club: Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. EST, NBC.

Dragnet

Barton Yarborough, who plays Detective Sgt. Ben Romero in the series, walked out of a Hollywood store recently to discover he had parked overtime. Coincidentally, he saw a policeman writing out a ticket for the car.

Yarborough approached the officer and prepared his oration. "I'll tell you," he drawled in his soft Texas accent, "this is exactly the opposite of what we teach them to do over the air. I play Sgt. Ben Romero in Dragnet, and believe me, Officer, I'm glad to see you doing your duty. As Sgt. Ben Romero, I sure deserve this ticket, don't I, Officer?" "You sure do, pal," replied the guardian of the law. (P. S. Yarborough paid the overtime parking fine.) Dragnet: Thursday, 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC.

Counter-Spy

Mandel Kramer, who plays "Peters," saw his local (Harrison, N.Y.) hardware dealer standing on line at Radio City to buy guided-tour tickets, so he stepped up to give him a big hello. All he received for the friendly gesture, however, was a blank stare. After a little embarrassed explaining, it developed that the hardware man had always thought Kramer, who invariably saunters into his shop dressed in blue dungarees and workshirt, was a neighborhood handyman.

Counter-Spy: Thursday, 9:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

The Bickersons

Frances Langford: Well, answer me! Do you love me still?

Lew Parker: That's the *only* way I love you.

The Bickersons: Tuesday, 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Second Mrs. Burton

Patsy Campbell, star of the daytime serial, was visiting friends in Washington, D. C. recently and had to dash back to New York for the broadcast. With only ten minutes to make the train, the nervous actress hailed the first available taxi, got in and told the driver where she wanted to go. The driver turned around, grinned and said, "That will be \$75, Miss." The flustered Patsy suddenly realized that she'd told him to go to Grand Central Station—the New York terminal.

Second Mrs. Burton: Monday through Friday, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

Mary on the spot

• Strong back, sound feet, a reliable nervous system—these are but a few of the component parts that WIP's Mary Biddle finds necessary to make up her show for gals from eighteen to fifty.

Mary Biddle, of the well-known Philadelphia family, conducts her unusual program for the girls in Philadelphia daily from 1:15 to 1:45 and presents what is probably one of the most refreshing switches for women's programs.

Was radio a life-long ambition? Contrary to the popular story-book themes,

radio never entered Mary's mind throughout her school days at Shipley, much less during her studies at University of Florence in Italy. Mary's introduction to radio was an accident. At the outset of World War II, the Navy League in Philadelphia wanted to start a radio program to promote their activities and Mary being the youngest executive member was handed the assignment. Her qualifications? She owned a radio set, knew how to use it and had a rugged constitution.

It took only a few months for Mary's abilities to be recognized and she was selected by the women's director of a local radio station to conduct her show as a summer replacement.

Mary, now in her late twenties, has revolutionized the women's program. Mary, who deals in famous personalities, news and events, rather than the usual format of recipes, poetry and cozy chatter, attracts among the thousands of her listeners the Junior Mrs. and the home builders who are the broad cross-section of Mrs. America. With a background of advertising, modeling and fashion, Mary brings to her daily listener a wealth of valuable information that is backed by her own experience.

More than ten hours go into Mary's daily schedule of preparation for each of her programs and more time is consumed by telephone calls than by any other single item on her schedule. Number one, of course, each day is the writing and planning of the program—which incidentally is done singlehanded. But this comes only after many hours of previous research, leg work, meetings and time with "Mini."

Who is "Mini"? "Mini" is Mary's long and faithful friend—a small portable tape recorder that Mary carries with her everywhere she goes for on the scene coverage of important civic events, backstage interviews with theatrical greats or taxi interviews. Then these are edited and rebroadcast for her listeners.

Mary's theory is "you never know when something's going to happen," and just like that, it usually does. For instance, returning from a business trip to New York, she spotted Ken Murray and his troupe in the club car, and as a result what "Mini" recorded, with train background, made for the basis of a fascinating program. She caught Lanny Ross for an interview in a taxi and during her vacation tour just this summer, Mary and "Mini" sneaked up on jockeys Eddie Arcaro and Ted Atkinson at Saratoga. At Cape Cod Mary caught Eve Arden, Betty Field and Roddy McDowall while they were relaxing between Summer Playhouse rehearsals.

Mary finds spare time, too, some of which she spends working as Philadelphia Chairman for the newly created American Women in Radio and Television Association. As for hobbies, she collects Staffordshire and has more than 400 pieces ranging from pill boxes to lamps. Mary also is an ardent admirer of English antique furniture, but she admits frankly that "it's too expensive." In addition to some free-lance writing, Mary likes to do needlepoint and to design her own clothes.



Mercedes McCambridge was just going through town when Mary Biddle, that sharp-eyed gal from WIP, caught her in the lobby of a downtown Philadelphia hotel. Result was an interview in which Mrs. America could also share.



Bostonians from the word "bean," Gloria Carroll and Carl Moore sound off in a typical Beantown Varieties duet, to the delight of WEEI audiences.

Three happy cowboys from Boston, the Azaleas—Snuffy Polo, Al Rawley and Shorty Cyr—take turns accompanying each other's outbursts.



Beantown's own

• Since 1630, people have been drawing quick conclusions about Boston, all of them involving the idea that "Boston is different." Boston is conservative, or slow, or crowded, or superior, or taxed to death, or narrow-minded, or liberal, or highly educated.

Most of these things are either not true, or are equally true of other cities. But there is one way in which Boston is unique and that is in its choice of favorite radio programs and personalities. As WEEI learned a quarter of a century ago, Boston loves to hear familiar voices on the air. Some of the voices come from transplanted Bostonians, but after a few years, they are accepted as the real thing.

The dean of Boston radio entertainers,

Carl Moore, is a true Bostonian, born and bred, and his big morning variety show on WEEI, Beantown Varieties, is the most popular local show in town. Even in the face of tough network competition, Beantown Varieties always gets top rating during its full hour of music and banter.

Boston loves Carl Moore, because he typifies exactly what Boston likes best in radio: a familiar personality, a local product with an intimate knowledge of the city and its foibles, and a wide acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of people in town; a sardonic and sometimes slightly corny humor; a rasping baritone, nimble fingers on the keyboard, quick with a comeback, never at a loss for local reference.

Carl Moore has been entertaining Boston for twenty-five years, as songplugger, vaudeville star, night-club performer, toastmaster, master of ceremonies, raconteur, and a radio stand-out. It's probably safe to say that he was a great entertainer in the days before he took up entertaining professionally, when he was a salesman for cash registers. Carl is *always* entertaining, and for more than twenty years, he has been putting it on the air.

Frankly, he doesn't do it alone on Beantown Varieties. He has with him as featured soloist, the glamorous Gloria Carroll, another native Bostonian, and the Azaleas Trio, a vocal and instrumental group of cowboys from Waban, Waltham and West Newton. Backing up these performers is Frank Bell's orchestra which has a penchant for tricky arrangements and for heckling the other members of the cast. Because heckling is allowed, the whole show is extremely informal and even the comparative dignity of veteran announcer Carl Dickerman (only twenty-five years at WEEI) cannot prevent a daily clambake. The studio audience, if it feels like it, gets into the act occasionally.

The show is fast-paced, with plenty of music and, living up to its name, plenty of variety. Gloria Carroll sings duets with Carl and also has her own solos. The Azaleas switch from instruments to voice and back as the impulse strikes them, often acting as accompaniment to another member of the cast. The orchestra is always there with music and barbed (generally unrehearsed) wisecracks. And through it all, Carl Moore wends his way, singing the old-time songs and ballads which are his specialty, making with puns and jokes, talking back to the orchestra, the announcer, the audience, the singers.

And it's this quality of informality and friendliness which makes thousands of Bostonians feel that it's their program, too, six mornings a week. And the proof of that statement? In the thirty-six quarter-hour reports by the *Pulse* of Boston, covering the Beantown Varieties show on WEEI between January 1950 and June 1951, Carl Moore and his gang had the highest rating thirty-three times.

Yes, Boston loves Bostonians on the radio.

Is it wrong to help
those who will not
help themselves?



Tune in: Big Sister: M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS; sponsor, Crisco, Spic and Span, Dreft, Ivory.

IN SEPTEMBER RADIO-TV MIRROR reader-listeners were told Big Sister's story and asked for their opinions on her problems. The editors of RADIO-TV MIRROR have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Greta V. Ramsay, Atlantic City, New Jersey, for the following letter:

It is a mistake to help those who will not help themselves. If help is forced upon them, one of two things will happen; they will become more dependent on the helper or they will resent the help and dislike the helper. The better plan would be to present opportunities for them in such a way that they will feel the desire to use them and so become independent. Encourage them in any effort they make, even if it seems a poor one to you. The more help they get, the more self-reliant they will become.

FIVE DOLLARS each has been sent to: Edella Ruby Melville, Elmwood, Illinois; Mrs. J. P. L. Pearsall, Ithaca, New York; Mrs. W. S. Conlon, Columbus, Georgia; Mary E. Peters, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Dorothy L. Cooper, Akron, Ohio.

WINNER OF SONGS FOR SALE CONTEST

IN JULY, RADIO-TV MIRROR invited readers to enter a Songs For Sale lyric-writing contest. The winner, Mrs. Antonia Weissbuch of Campgaw, New Jersey, spent the weekend of September 15th in New York "on the house," and appeared on the Songs For Sale program of that date. Her winning lyrics, "In My Old Walking Shoes," were sung by Alan Dale and the program presented Mrs. Weissbuch with a beautiful wrist watch.



Keep Kissable
with Flame-Glo

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ONLY 49¢
GOLD FINISH
SWIVEL CASE



now with
FASTENOL for
longer-lasting,
smoother color
brilliance!

Flame-Glo puts the lure in lips, for it instantly gives you magnetic beauty afire with the spark of romance! FASTENOL, a secret ingredient, banishes smears, smudges or blurry edges . . . seals the vibrant color to your lips for hours longer. In 9 thrilling shades for the newest fashion tones for every beauty type: Sunlit, Glamour, Medium, Crosfire, Raspberry, Fashion Pink, Pink Fire, Ruby and Royal Wine.



Flame-Glo LIPSTICK



POPULAR
25¢ SIZE
IN METAL CASE

ALSO IN
15¢ and 39¢ STYLES

THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE FLAME-GLO AT ALL POPULAR PRICE COSMETIC COUNTERS



New finer **MUM**

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new *finer* Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Even Mum's delicate fragrance is new. And Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage. Get new Mum today!



New MUM cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Who's who

Ruth Mata and Eugene Hari, those two remarkable dance-satirists on Show of Shows, were born in the same suburb just outside of Zurich in Switzerland. They both studied under the same dancing teacher, but were completely unaware of each other's existence until years later when they became members of the same professional ballet company. After further dance training in Paris and London, they came to America in 1937 with this company. It was sometime that year, somewhere between New York and San Francisco, that Eugene proposed, Ruth accepted and they were married.

Mata and Hari

When the company disbanded in 1939, Mata and Hari alone remained in the United States. They put together a recital program of their own, presented on a bill which included numbers by Agnes de Mille, Jack Cole and Jerome Robbins. Since then Mata and Hari have become familiar figures in all the smart after-dark

spots from coast to coast. They've also enjoyed long runs on Broadway where they made their bow in "Straw Hat Review," appearing with such other unknowns as Jerome Robbins, Danny Kaye and Imogene Coca. Their biggest stage hit was in Olsen and Johnson's musical "Laffing Room Only."

Wherever Mata and Hari have appeared, they have left behind them a delighted and eager following. The reason? Well, aside from technical excellence, their dances reflect their humane and keen observations of life. The burlesque of the ballet they perform as "Pas de Deux" represents many an evening of study of the Russian ballet and its American descendants. In their justly famous "Carnegie Hall," they manage to burlesque the audience, the members of the orchestra and the frenzied activity of a long-haired conductor. To be famed, as they are, as both "dancers' dancers" and successful "commercial dancers" is a rare achievement.



in TV

Diminutive, bespectacled Ray Bloch, conductor of shows like *Toast of the Town* and *Songs for Sale*, backs his musical know-how with nineteen continuous years as a conductor, arranger, vocal coach and choral leader with CBS. Before that he sang in choirs, played piano on radio stations and with New York ballroom orchestras and organized his own vaudeville jazz band.

Ray Bloch

Born in Alsace-Lorraine in 1902, Ray was brought to America when he was still quite young. At eight, the Bloch childish soprano could be heard in neighborhood choirs. Singing in choirs didn't appeal to him, but directing them did, so when he was twelve he conducted his first chorus at a Christmas festival.

His first orchestra conducting job, with CBS' *Johnny Presents*, led to further coaching, orchestrating and choral directing. Ray relaxes on his farm at Brewster, New York.

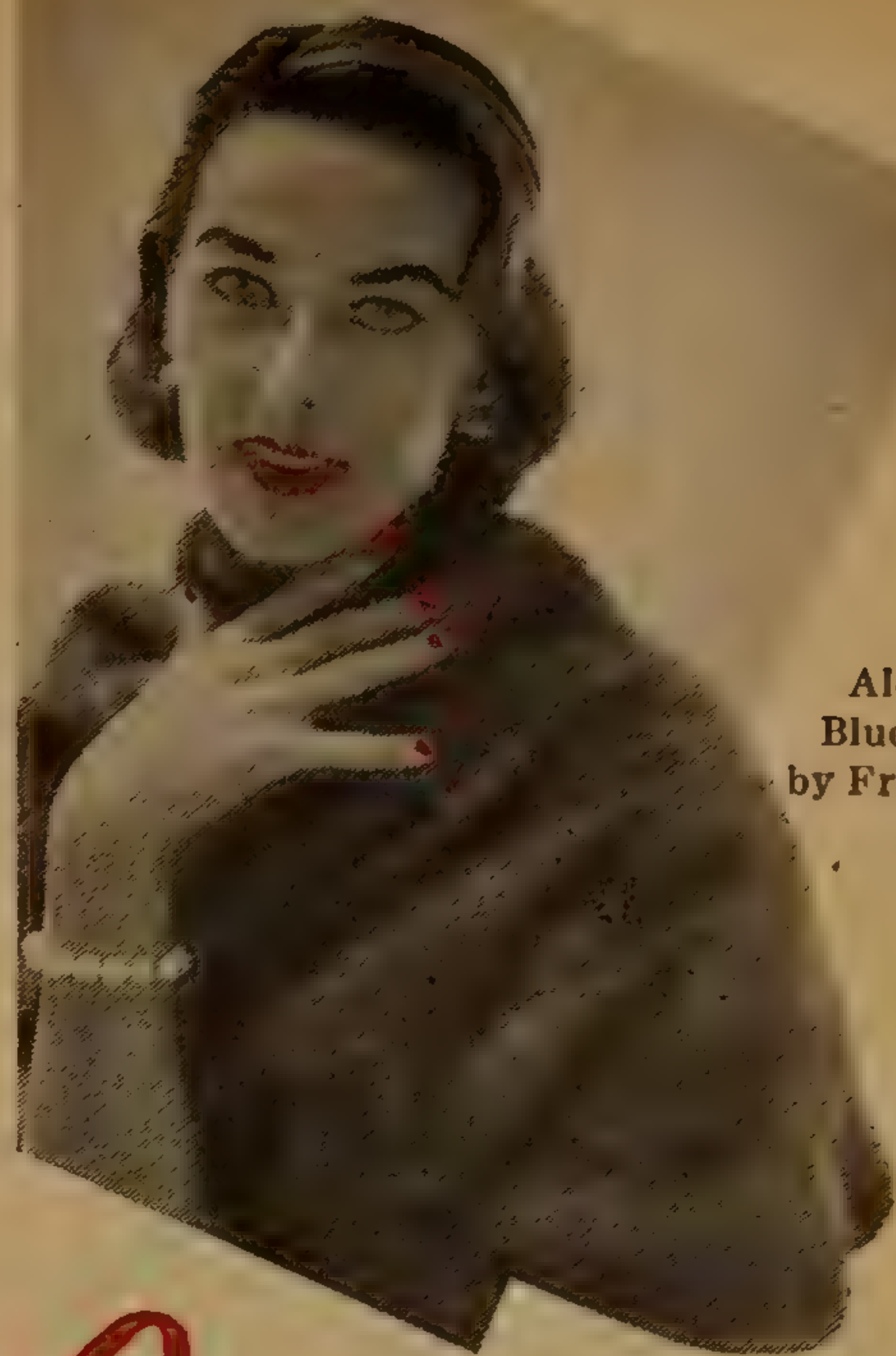


Strangely enough, the first ambition of this Louisiana cowboy, whose TV film series, *Tales of Famous Outlaws*, is rapidly gaining in popularity, was to be a lawyer. But in his college days, a visit to a friend at Universal-

Lash La Rue

International Studios soon changed this. When Lash was watching the scene-shooting, the stunt man, who was to have done a tricky horseback scene, failed to show up. Lash volunteered for the scene, emerged unscathed and was offered a contract as the studio's official stunt man.

At its conclusion, Lash moved to Eagle-Lion where he introduced the bullwhip as an aid to his six-shooter. It became so much of a trademark that he changed his name from Alfred to Lash. It may be heresy, but although Lash has had several songs published and enjoys singing ballads, he doesn't play a guitar and doesn't want to! Right now he is purchasing a ranch to house his three horses.



Aleutian Blue Mink
by Fredrica

Smart women buy

NEW
Spillpruf
CUTEX

Exclusive with Cutex! A miracle bottle that won't spill—even though it's accidentally upset! No more fear of spilled polish ruining pretty clothes and furniture with new Spillpruf* Cutex! The wonderful polish that gives you:

Longer wear! Made with Enamelon, Cutex wears with a sparkling, jewel-like hardness!

Perfect manicures! "Nail-Measure" neck measures exact amount of polish brush should hold.

Lovelier colors! Pinks and peaches, glowing corals, lively reds! All with matching lipsticks!

Lower price! New Spillpruf* Cutex gives you all these "extras"—still costs less! Try it today!

CUTEX

Note: This new bottle is really Spillpruf for ample time to permit you to right the upset bottle.



Why Tampax is so different



Many women are surprised to find how *different* Tampax really is when contrasted with the type of sanitary

protection they have known since childhood. Tampax is not just another *brand*, but actually a different *kind* of sanitary protection.

No belts, pins or pads

Once you understand that Tampax is worn "internally" you begin to see how belts, pins and external pads can all be discarded. No longer need this harness produce bulges or ridges under one's dress.

Only a fraction of the bulk

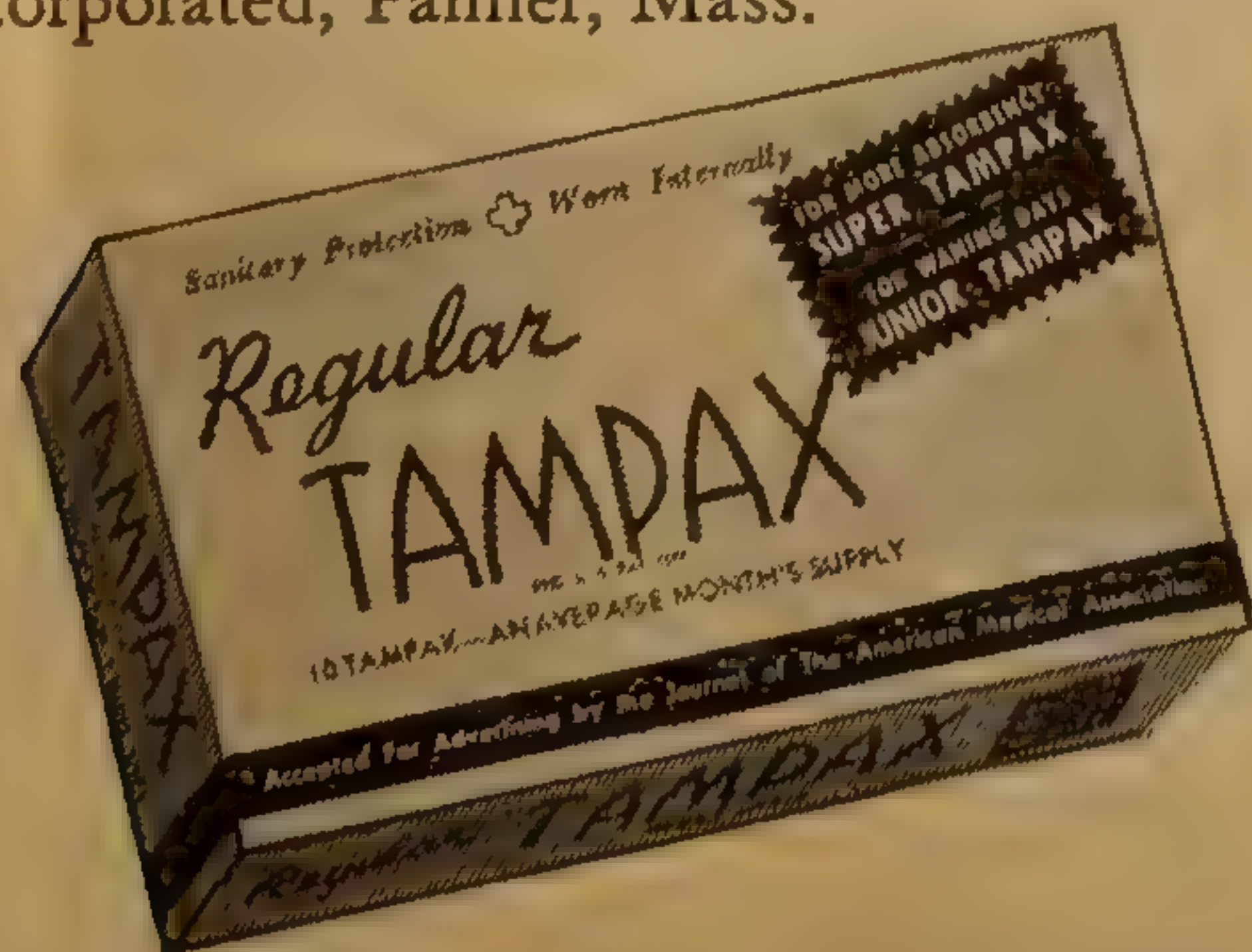
Neat and tiny as it is, Tampax is very absorbent. And after insertion (with dainty applicator) you cannot even feel its presence. Disposal is extremely easy as Tampax is naturally very much less in bulk than the older types.

Can be worn in shower

Yes, ma'am! You can leave the Tampax in place during your tub or shower—also while swimming! College girls particularly are crazy about it. Actresses, nurses, office workers—millions of women. Enlist in the Tampax ranks now.

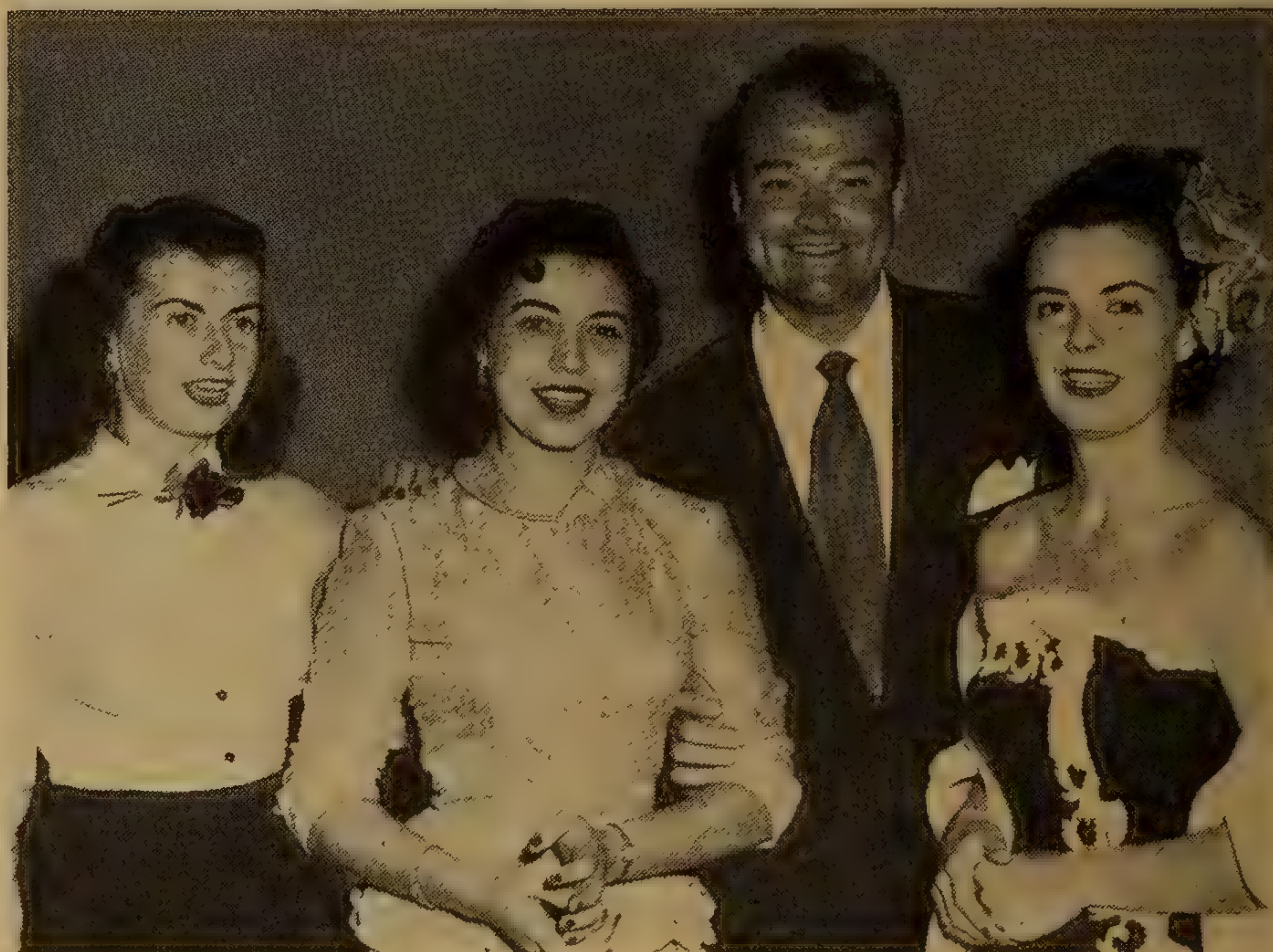
Invented by a doctor

Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax causes no odor or chafing. Buy at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Coast to coast—



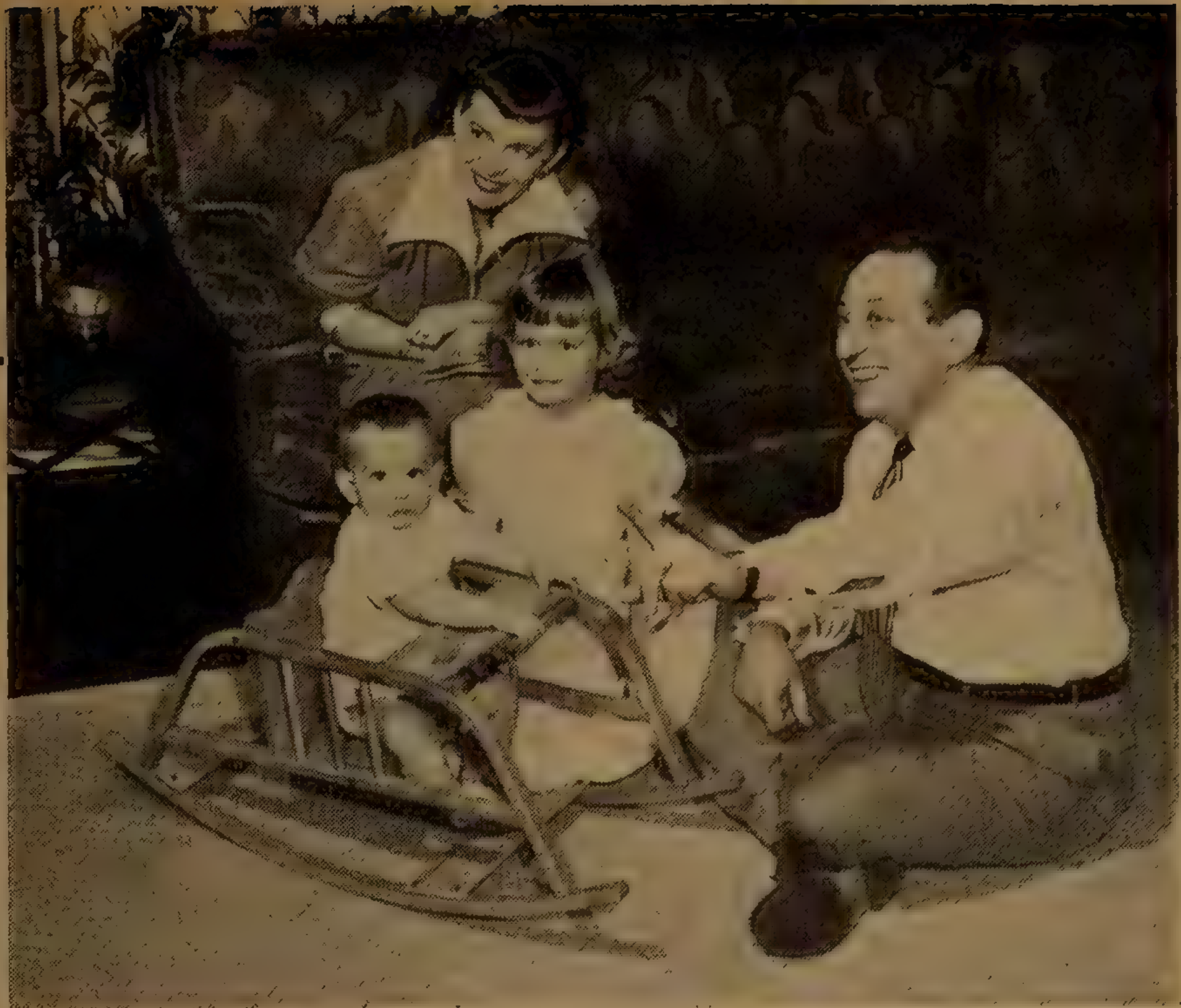
Joyce McLeod, Rachelle Mendlovitz and Virginia McGuire, finalists of the Photoplay Scholarship Contest, meet Red Skelton at an NBC cocktail party.



Kathi Collin, runner-up in Miss U.S. Television Contest of 1950, is running up records in the touring "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Joan Tompkins is delighted with her Christmas present—a miniature of the part that she plays — Nora Drake.





Horace Schwerin, president of the well-known research corporation, with his wife, **Lorraine**, daughter, **Barbara Lorraine** and son, **Bruce**.

Chief Fallen Trees of the **Mohawk Tribe** inducts **Jackie Kelk**, hereinafter known as **Ken-Ni To Ion Ha Bobbin**, or **Young Man Bobbin**, into his tribe.



Uranium is discovered in **Canada**! And **Jack Parker** of **WSAM**, **Saginaw, Michigan**, trekked fifty miles to stake out his claim—**Lake NBC**.



*Don't let your daughter
risk married happiness..
even her health and
womanly charm!*



(Send coupon
below for
FREE NEW
book!)

Gown by
Kiviette

Be sure your daughter knows how important the practice of *complete* hygiene (including intimate *internal* cleanliness) is to married happiness, her health, after her periods and to combat an odor even graver than bad breath or body odor. And be sure she uses **ZONITE** in her douche because *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide* tested for the douche is so **POWERFUL** yet **SO SAFE** to tissues.

**Developed by a Famous Surgeon
and a Scientist**

A famous surgeon and scientist developed this **ZONITE** principle. **ZONITE** is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating* yet so *powerfully effective*. It has brought confidence to women by the tens of thousands.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE removes odor-causing waste substances. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can **BE SURE ZONITE immediately** kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy **ZONITE** today!

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FOR NEWER
Feminine Hygiene

*Offer good only in the U.S. and Canada

**NEW!
FREE!**

Mail coupon for **FREE** book giving full intimate physical facts. Write **Zonite Products Corp.**, Dept. RM-121, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

R
M

Are you in the know?



How can you "k. o." Christmas jitters?

- ☐ Wrap as you shop
- ☐ Stock up on cologne
- ☐ Take a night off

Why make the night before Christmas a nightmare? Here's how to beat that last-minute deadline. (1) Wrap your gifts in advance, as you buy them. (2) Take an evening off, to address your cards. (3) Prepare for gal friends' unexpected presents—with extra bottles of cologne. And lest your calendar catch you unprepared—stock up on Kotex. You can jest at problem day jitters, for that special safety center gives extra protection; k. o.'s accident worries.



What makes pound-paring easier?

- ☐ Pound cake
- ☐ A special dress
- ☐ Dance dates

You swore you'd give up a month of sun-dae—to get trim-figgered for the holidaying season. But, you're still getting your desserts! You can avoid being pound foolish—by saving your pennies for a special dream dress in a smaller size you'd love to wear. Good reminder to keep your reducing resolutions! And at certain times, remind yourself to try the 3 sizes of Kotex (different absorbencies, for different days). You'll discover the ideal one for you.



If your guy can't afford much gallivanting—

- ☐ Slip him the wherewithal
- ☐ Snare a spender
- ☐ Try parlor magic

He's no miser—just allowance-bound. If your steady can't take you out on the town every night, how 'bout a few home dates? A little parlor magic (disc music and popcorn) can ease wallet-strain; help him save for your really plush occasions. On trying days, there's magic too in the way Kotex puts the skids on discomfort. See how at ease you'll stay, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives wonderful softness that holds its shape!



Can you be the hit of a holiday party, if you're —

- ☐ A jingle belle
- ☐ A snob sister
- ☐ Mistletoe mad

When the gang gathers 'round the piano—put new zing in the sing! Beforehand, write jingles to popular tunes: a verse about each guest at the party. Practice rhyming (starting now). A rhyming dictionary helps; or get an assist from the class "Pote." Jingles pay

off—in fun, popularity; even in loot, sometimes. And you'll find it pays, confidence-wise, to choose the sanitary napkin that prevents revealing outlines. Kotex! Thanks to those special flat pressed ends, you're free from telltale outline woe!

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

KOTEX, KLEENEX, DELSEY AND QUEST ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.



What assures daintiness on problem days?

- ☐ Bath salts
- ☐ Powder
- ☐ Occasional showers

Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a powder deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin use, because, unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. Positively destroys odors. Buy a can of Quest deodorant powder today!

What Christmas means to me



By
JACK BERCH

IN THESE last weeks before Christmas, everyone is in a whirl: rushing madly from store to store, house cleaning from cellar to attic, baking endlessly in the kitchen, arranging for visiting relatives, going to and from parties. Everything seems to be happening at once and, at the same time, the newspaper harangues us daily with reminders: only twenty days to Christmas—only nineteen days—eighteen

days. It's a merry-go-round that has gone berserk. And this might be a good time to step off and take stock.

Let each of us ask, "What does Christmas mean to me?"

Does it mean, for example, near-bankruptcy each year as you find more people exchanging more expensive gifts with you? Or that the children will be on their good behavior for only a few days to please Santa Claus? Or an endless round of parties that leaves you utterly exhausted? Does it mean that when you wake up the day after Christmas and a disc jockey jokes, "Only 364 shopping days to Christmas," you mutter, "Well, thank goodness for that much anyway."

There are many people who do feel that way—and they know better. Get them aside. Get them reminiscing about their childhood. "I remember Christmas on the farm," one says. "Nothing like this," he begins but seldom gets further, for he is suddenly

**What does Christmas mean to you?
Tell Jack Berch, win a prize!**

See Next Page

What Christmas means to me



bewildered and perhaps embarrassed at how far he's drifted away from a real Christmas.

I remember our Christmas as a child in the town of Sigel, Illinois, population about two hundred. The children went to bed early and I would lie there, full of expectation as a child should be, listening to the winter wind whistling through the trees, catching each creak in the old house and maybe stealing to the window to stare out into the snow-banked hills. I always felt overwhelmed with the warmth and wonder of the spirit. It was love, my mother explained, an all-embracing love for our fellow men.

And there are some memories you carry in your heart . . . one of mine is the image of a little old widow in our town. Each Christmas my father, who ran a general store, filled a basket for this needy woman. I'll never forget the look on her face the first time I carried in the basket. (Continued on page 78)

The Jack Berch Show is heard Mon-Fri., 12:00 N, EST on ABC. Is sponsored by the Prudential Insurance Company of America.

The happy assignment of gift distribution works up a spirit of peace and good will, to say nothing of a hearty appetite . . . which the girls hasten to take care of.





Molly, John, Carol, Shirley, Margo and Jack all enjoy the thrill of discovering the prizes left by St. Nick.

What Does Christmas Mean To You?

Jack Berch would like to hear about an experience of your own which showed you the true meaning of Christmas—something which happened in your childhood, a family tradition in your household, an incident which occurred in your family at the yuletide season, etc.

Prizes Will Be Awarded As Follows:

To the writer of the best letter, in the opinion of the judges, RADIO-TV MIRROR's check for \$100.00. To the writers of the ten next-best letters, checks for \$5.00 each. Winning letter will be read by Jack Berch on the air during the Christmas season.

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a letter of no more than 100 words, telling what Christmas means to you, as explained above.
2. Address to Jack Berch, Box 1722, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

Prizes For Your Letters!

3. Letters must be postmarked no later than Dec. 1, 1951. The coupon below, or the information requested on it, must accompany your letter.
4. Letters will be judged on basis of interest, aptness and appeal. Judges will be Jack Berch and the editors of RADIO-TV MIRROR. Decisions of the judges will be final. No letters will be returned, nor can correspondence be entered into concerning them. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Jack Berch
Box 1722, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

My letter, telling what Christmas means to me is attached.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

My husband,



Between Bud and his children there is a really solid foundation of love and understanding. Many of his at-home hours are spent with Pat and her piano and Cynthia and her brush.



*An announcer, an emcee, a
Sunday school teacher, a father
... a really wonderful guy!*



Never one to shirk his chores or what he considers his duties, Bud is a conscientious mail answerer . . . at least until nine-year-old Mike calls an emergency practice period.



Bud

BY
MARIAN
SHOCKLEY
COLLYER



Mondays through Fridays it's off to school and to work for Bud and the young Collyers . . . to say nothing of Marian who spends these hours wrestling with her gigantic household problems

I LOVE to talk about my husband. He's my favorite topic. Yet I hesitate, feel sort of embarrassed. Know why? Because here is a guy who is so really good that as you read you may well feel like saying, "Oh, come off it!" But that's the way he is. This is somebody who's too good to be true. It's almost frightening at times—and pretty wonderful.

You could do a whole article on Bud and religion. As a mere kid, he was the youngest deacon in the Broadway Presbyterian Church. Teaching religion to young church-goers has been one of Bud's chief off-mike activities since 1938, when he supervised classes at the Jackson Heights Community Church in New York City. He's still teaching Sunday school—and is superintendent at the Presbyterian Church here in Greenwich, Connecticut, where we live. Bud's religion goes beyond the sectarian and beyond getting down on his knees

at bedtime and saying his prayers. Religion to Bud is an every-hour-of-every-day thing—not to be saved for Sunday. And he doesn't just talk like a Christian—he lives like one. When anyone comes to Bud for help, he'll stop whatever he's doing. I can't begin to tell you (and Bud may send me to bed without any supper for telling you at all!) how many people he helps get jobs. The telephone calls and the appointments that he has with people he knows just slightly, if at all! And if he can't get, or give, you a job, he'll always suggest: "Why don't you try so-and-so, he's a good man?" or "I'd take (Continued on page 37)

Bud Collyer emcees *Beat The Clock*, CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Sylvania Electric. Also *Break The Bank*, M-F, 11:30 A.M., ABC, sponsored by Bristol-Myers and Philip Morris, and TV version Wed., 10 P.M., NBC-TV, Bristol-Myers.

*A reassuring reply to the oft-asked
question, "What's this generation coming
to?" from a man who works closely
with this seemingly disturbing younger generation.*

By WAYNE KING



THIS

*As examples of his
theory, Wayne presents
three of the inspir-
ing young people on the
Wayne King Show . . .
Barbara Becker, Gloria
Van, and Harry Hall.*



Wayne's own two teenagers, Penny and Wayne, Jr., are as enthusiastic over house blueprints as they are over dancing.

is no lost generation

MY QUICK glance at the morning newspaper yielded unhappy headlines. The West Point scandal blackened the top of the page. Another story told of teenagers arrested in a dope raid. The sports section still held references to the Bradley University bribes. The depressing total could well provoke again that oft-asked question, "What's this generation coming to?"

I wish that all who felt that way could have, that day, followed me into the NBC Chicago studios. They would have had an answer which I guarantee would have put a song in their hearts and given them a surge of clear, uplifting happiness.

For we were holding auditions to make up the company you see on our telecasts, and there waiting for me to listen to them were some of the most inspiring young people I'd ever seen. You could sense at once

that each had set a goal and was confident of his or her ability to reach it. Voices unheard, I wanted to hire the whole bunch right on the spot.

These were the cream of the crop. They'd already met our preliminary requirement that they be a certain height, weight and age and have some college training. In this audition each one was facing the crucial test—in being able to put magic and emotion into a song. They were all so good, that it was even more difficult than usual for me to say to one, "Fine, you're hired," and to another, "Sorry, but you're not for us."

When at last we finished making our selections, I looked at the people who were (*Continued on page 89*)

The Wayne King Show is seen weekly on NBC-TV, at 9:30 P.M., CST on Thursdays. Is sponsored by the Standard Oil Company.



*Gagging Godfrey's Navy Combo,
the band poses as "Admiral
Bristol's Bobo Six."*

*Below, Shaffer, Mince and
Bleyer foul up a favorite
as "The Cherry Sisters."*

GODFREY'S



WHEN seven young musicians all list the same redhead as their favorite, it sounds like a fight. But when the players are Archie Bleyer's bandsmen and the favorite carrot-top in question is Arthur Godfrey, it's not a fight, it's a hilarious clambake. Everything's a laugh with one exception—the fellows in our band won't kid about their appreciation and gratitude toward Arthur for giving them their big break.

If you listen to our morning radio show, you probably have come to know the bandsmen almost as well as we do. Arthur, of course, likes music and musicians, and as a result of his kidding around with the bands on the air, listeners know the players as distinct personalities, "Moneybags"



Announcer Tony Marvin, interviewing Sy Shaffer on the television stage, grins over Sy's comic instructions on how to play the trombone without really swallowing the long sliding tube.

*King Arthur's tireless
troubadors—after seven
years still the darndest,
daffiest, talented tooters
ever arranged together!*

By TONY MARVIN

tin pan alley

Erwin, the world's only organist with an underground vault . . . bass player Gene Traxler and his home-made blast furnace barbecue sauce . . . pianist Ludwig Flato, who won't touch a key unless he's wearing the tie clip from his mother-in-law . . . trombonist Sy Shaffer, the round-the-clock rosebush planter of Roslyn Harbor . . . guitarist Remo Palmieri, who rues the day they found he likes to sleep with his socks on . . . clarinetist Johnny Mince, who once played the doodlings on a telephone pad as a saxophone solo . . . and, of course, genial maestro Bleyer, who somberly passes out earmuffs to the band when Godfrey picks up the ukulele.

Actually, Godfrey got his merry bandsmen



"Such cheesy bass playing, look, a rat!" screams guitarist Palmieri, as John Mince gives it a down beat with his clarinet, but gag-proof Gene Traxler saws away, ignoring such bass threats.

MORE BAND BOYS, NEXT PAGE—>



GODFREY'S tin pan alley

In music appreciation class, Arthur explains to Mince, Shaffer, Traxler and Parker that even after the serenade the guitar is useful—to paddle home. At right, director Will Roland, Janette Davis, Ludwig Flato and Archie Bleyer in a thoughtful mood reviewing a new tune for possibilities.



almost by accident. When he was forming his network show back in 1944, musicians of the CBS staff orchestra were assigned to drop over and fill in a few tunes as a temporary thing. Today, seven years later, they're still across the street in the studio working at this "temporary thing" sixty hours a week. In addition to playing for Arthur Godfrey Time each weekday morning, they form the nucleus of the orchestra for Arthur Godfrey and his Friends, Wednesday night on CBS television—a rehearsal and performance schedule which keeps them in the studio from 7:30 A.M. until 2:30 P.M. except three days a week, when they work until after nine at night. It's an arduous schedule, but illustrates a unique quality of the band, they can work long hours together year after year without flareups or dissension. What's more, they approach every broadcast as a fresh and important performance. Perhaps the reason they're so pleasing collectively is that they're such pleasant people individually. And each has an interesting story.

Polish-born Ludwig Flato came from such a long line of ancestral violin players that he decided to break the string of Fiddlin' Flatos, and at age seven hoisted himself onto the piano stool. He came to this country in 1927 to study concert technique at Juilliard, swung to popular music during the depression, toured with Little Jack Little, Mitchell Ayres, and the Andrews Sisters. He likes piano either hot or heavy, can enjoy Rubinstein or Art Tatum, has published a folio suggesting easy approaches to difficult piano classics. At home he revels in taking movies, seeking Polish cabbage with just the right deterioration, working with orphanage agencies, or indulging in his favorite postman's holiday, listening to his eighteen-year-old daughter Sandra perform at the piano in their Brooklyn apartment.

Paralleling Ludwig's shift from the family fiddle to piano, Johnny Mince was born into a piano family and shifted to clarinet. His father worked at the Hamilton Piano factory in Chicago Heights for twenty-five years,



With the unpredictable Arthur calling the do-si-does, the band has to be ready at the drop of a chord to swing to tangos, hulas, — Virginia reels or Sousa marches. At right, during TV rehearsal, director Archie Bleyer displays their classical prowess in the difficult passages that set the mood for gifted Marion Marlowe.

but even as a youngster Johnny wanted "something that would whistle." He caddied to earn the fifteen dollars for his first clarinet, rushed home and played "Silent Night" within an hour. Johnny had no instruction and learned fingering by experiment. As a result he had to "unlearn" some of his original techniques which snarled up his fingers on later, more difficult, passages. But his music was sound, as proved by his tours with Joe Haymes, Buddy Rogers and Ray Noble, all topped by his appointment to substitute for Jimmy Dorsey in the Dorsey Brothers' band. Johnny then played with Tommy Dorsey for five years. Johnny, his wife Arline, seven-year-old son Jay, and three-year-old (Continued on page 88)



Arthur Godfrey Time is heard M-F, 10 A.M. EST, CBS, sponsored by Toni, Rinso, Pillsbury, Chesterfields, Nabisco, Monarch; Arthur Godfrey and Friends, Wed., CBS-TV, 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Toni, Chesterfields, Pillsbury; Talent Scouts, Mon. simulcast 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Lipton; King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table, Sun., 5 P.M. EST, sponsor—Kingsan.



"Historic meeting—D.D. and J.M. Those two fellows? Donald's friend Nash, and Winchell, the guy I keep in my suitcase!"



"In Walt Disney's own office they gave me the key to the joint. And then Ward Kimball drew me—some likeness, huh?"



"The paint department was quite a place. Donald wanted to tour on, but couldn't move me—you know how I love water colors!"



Jerry Mahoney's favorite spot: Disney Studios—where the stars aren't human!

A WHILE back, Paul Winchell took his blockhead pal, Jerry Mahoney, to Hollywood. Best part of the trip, says Jerry, was a visit to Walt Disney studios, with Donald Duck (and Donald's movie voice, Clarence "Ducky" Nash) as host. "It was wonderful," Jerry sighs. "I was in my element!" Here are snapshots from Jerry's album, plus his own comments on same.

"They loved



Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney are seen Mondays at 8 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV stations. Sponsor: The Speidel Company.

me in **Hollywood**"



An 1819 wheel still spins a yarn for Sunbonnet Girl, Mary Randolph, while Granny Harper dances a Renfro jig.



Standing at the door of the original Redbud Schoolhouse is John Lair, Renfro Valley's son and benefactor.



Renfro Valley Folks

The Salzburg of Kentucky stems from one

FORTY years ago a barefooted boy roamed the wooded hills near his Kentucky home and dreamed of the preservation of the pioneer and early Americana of Renfro Valley. Young John Lair rebelled at the prospect of the disappearance of the pioneer landmarks of the territory . . . the Great Saltpetre Cave with its huge vats and other apparatus used in the making of gunpowder, the old Polly Hiatt log cabin built prior to 1798, and the Redbud Schoolhouse. The restoring took years of planning and hard work, but Lair accomplished this and a second important ambition—the preservation of the Valley's Folk music. At the age of ten, he formed a string band, which was the start of a lifetime study of Folk music. Later, in Chicago, where he first entered radio, he brought his music-minded neighbors to the Windy City to sing *real* mountain music. Many of this same group are with him now broadcasting from their home towns on the Renfro Valley Country Store, Saturday Night Barn Dance, or Sunday Morning Gathering.

Renfro Valley Country Store is heard M-F, 8:30 A.M., Saturday Night Barn Dance, 8:30 P.M., Sunday Morning Gathering, 8:30 A.M., EST on CBS. Sponsor, Gen. Foods.



man's love of Folk music and early Americana—particularly that of his valley



Granny Harper and Slim Miller's band entertain weekly at the Saturday Night Barn Dance. The Museum's manuscript room highlights McGuffey's Reader, ancient texts, and original Folk music, while in another room the Coon Creek Girls, Black-Eyed Susan, Lily May and Rosie, natives of Pinch 'Em Tight Hollow near Renfro Valley, give their forefather's churn the time of its life.

Our

Kuklapolitan Christmas

REALLY, it was Buelah Witch who started it. On her new Cavalier Red broom—the Paris influence, you know—she sailed into the studio, circled so fast she almost shook the klieg lights loose from their moorings.

Her hullabaloo was so terrific that just as we were, we all came running from our dressing rooms. Madame Ooglepuss' hair was slightly askew, Colonel Cracky's eyeglasses flopped loose on their ribbon, and I didn't even stop to pull a sweater on over my T-shirt. Ollie, deciding the building must be on fire, clutched his portable typewriter firmly with his tooth. Whatever happened, he was determined to save that.

Buelah dived, buzzed the whole group, and shrieked, "Whoopee, I'm so excited!"

Fran brought her under control. "Buelah, stop right this minute. What on earth has happened?"

Buelah landed. "Oh, it's such an honor," she exclaimed. "I don't (Continued on page 85)"

Kukla, Fran & Ollie is seen M-F, 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsors: Ford, National Biscuit, P&G, RCA and Life.



While the little Kuklapolitanites dream of sugar plums (for Fletcher a carrot, please), Fran and Burr trim the tree and hang the socks.

Despite the weatherman's predictions, your little friend Kukla, finds Christmas

Not always such a gentleman, Ollie holds the mistletoe to give Kukla and Burr first chance.



BY
KUKLA



to be the warmest season of the year.



The huge two-story cathedral living room with its big fieldstone fireplace is Penny's delight—it's so easy to keep clean, she says!



Squaw Penny, Johnny and Missy, of unknown origin, enjoy the peace of their new home. The greenhouse insures Penny of flowers summer or winter.



Sunny Ridge Farm is a
seventh heaven for
gadget-happy Johnny,
heirloom-collector
Penny, and that goldfish-
chasing little poodle, Lena!

By FRANCES KISH

Come and visit Johnny

PENNY OLSEN glanced at Johnny, then grinned at me and at Johnny's sister, Laura Davis, who is staying with them at Sunny Ridge Farm. "You can tell our friends that Johnny is now completely gadget-happy," she said. "This new house of ours has dozens of devices to make his homework easier. Everything has a motor attached, even the knife sharpener. We have air conditioning, sliding doors, closet lights that go on and off automatically. The lawn mower has a motor, and so has the hedge cutter. We have everything except a self-starter to make Johnny get to work on his television shows and tear him away from his workbench!"

Johnny listened and laughed. "You know, Penny's got something there," he admitted, "but I thought she was going to tell you about Lena. The first day we fitted (Continued on page 79)

The Olsens are seen on the Rumpus Room, 1:00 P.M., EST, M-F; sponsor, Premier Foods. Olsen's Kids and Co., 11 A.M., EST, Sat., Red Goose Shoes. Both on DuMont.



and Penny Olsen



Never in their wildest dreams did the Olsens think they would be lucky enough to find such a beautiful home for themselves . . . an elegant Norman-style house atop a gently sloping knoll overlooking their fourteen acres. Johnny swears there's nothing like an apple, pear, peach or plum from your own trees—unless, perhaps, it's a barbecue dinner right from your own back yard.



I

By

JOHNNY

DESMOND

The family man in Johnny is never happier than when bedtime reading to Diane and Patty. The "musician" has a very different niche.

IF is a big word in Johnny's life. With it, he climbed the scale to musical success. Without it, he would never have met Ruth, never have made the Breakfast Club, and never have had it so "good!"



certainly had it good!"

IF I hadn't been overheard by a customer in my father's butcher shop—and if I hadn't been sent right down to the Children's Hour on Detroit's WMBC—and if I hadn't organized the "Downbeats"—and if Bob Crosby hadn't heard us when he was in Detroit—and if the girl member of the quartet hadn't become homesick—and if Ruth Keddington hadn't come for an audition . . . well, I might still be cutting meat in the Motor City and battling with the prices as they are today.

As I told you, my father, Peter DeSimone, owned a combination grocery and meat market in the Italian section of Detroit. He and Mom had six chil-

dren and I was one of the middle ones. Along in November, 1920, I showed up. Mom says I didn't start to sing right away—but soon enough. Pop liked to hear me sing, too, but he counted most on my help in the butcher shop. In fact, I thought that I'd eventually be a butcher and have my own shop. Singing was wonderful, it was marvelous—but I had no idea you could earn your living at it.

I used to sing all day long, around the house and at the shop. One day a customer, after hearing me sing, told Pop, "For Pete's sake, take him down to Uncle Nick and get him an audition." That kid's got a wonderful voice." (Continued on page 80)

Johnny Desmond is on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, ABC, M-F, 9:00 A.M., EST, Sponsors: General Mills, Philco, Swift, and Don McNeill's TV Club, ABC-TV, alt. Wed., 9:00 P.M., Sponsor: Philco.



With pardonable pride and youthful enthusiasm, four-year-old Diane shrieks: "Look Mom, there's Daddy!" Two-year-old Patty is still more excited over Diane's squeals than Daddy's singing, but Ruth, once a professional singer herself, takes Johnny's work seriously, and in all ways is an ideal partner.

Many happy and productive hours are spent over a sheet of music and a piano while Johnny and Ruth work out the arrangements that have, in good measure, been responsible for Johnny's success.





**MA PERKINS
ASKS:**

***Should a mother
ever interfere in her
daughter's romance?***

*Ma Perkins is heard
Mon.-Fri., at 1:15
P.M., EST over CBS
stations. The pro-
gram is sponsored
by P & G's Oxydol.*

IN THE little town of Rushville Center, U.S.A., Ma Perkins has raised her family to the best of her ability. She has tried to teach her children to face the truth of all situations . . . regardless of the personal cost. Now, she feels, this philosophy applies to her daughter, Faye's relationship to Tom Wells, a writer who still suffers the mental and physical effects of wounds received during the war. In addition, he was hurt in an automobile accident. During his convalescence, Tom and Faye fell in love, and Faye broke her engagement to wealthy Spencer Grayson. Tom's love for Faye is the only thing that makes his life tolerable . . . but he realizes that physically and mentally he cannot undertake the responsibility of being a good husband to Faye and stepfather to her seven-year-old daughter, Paulette. He is also afraid that after marriage Faye's love might eventually turn to pity . . . which he could not bear. Thinking of what's best for Faye, he tries to persuade her to turn for love to someone who can give her the things she deserves. Someone on

whom she can lean . . . depend upon.

Ma cannot help agreeing with Tom and siding against Faye. She feels some unhappiness now will lead to greater happiness in Faye's future. From your own experience, and your friends', do you think Ma has a right to take sides against Faye? Do you think a mother should ever interfere in her daughter's romance—even to save her from being hurt?

RADIO-TV MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Should a mother ever interfere in her daughter's romance—even to save her from being hurt?" Writer of the best letter will be paid \$25.00, of five next-best letters, \$5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words and send it to Ma Perkins, c/o RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. The editors will choose the best letter, basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for \$25.00. Five next-best letters will be purchased at \$5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. The opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than December 1, 1951, should have this notice attached.



The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters

Where do a guardian's duties
end, and at which point can he
admit to his true feelings?

THIS is the story of a lovely girl in her twenties who is the ward of famous Broadway playwright, Gary Bennet. Although in love with Evelyn, Gary won't ask her to marry him because of his guardianship and the great difference in their ages. Gary is in Boston where his new play is being tried out. The star of the play, Cecily Lockwood, has become romantically interested in Gary. Meanwhile, Evelyn is staying in New York and, to Gary's great displeasure, is seeing a great deal of playboy Bruce Holliday. Bruce's apparently limitless income is the source of great worry to Gary who would like to discover its origin. Gary's worries are further increased when Bruce's private plane, carrying Evelyn, among others, crashes on its return to New York after the group had attended the play's opening. No injuries resulted, but Julie Evans, another friend of Bruce's, is missing.



2. Among other things, Bruce Holliday owns New York's fabulous Flamingo Club where he and Evelyn spend many enjoyable hours under the watchful eye of Andre, the major domo who takes great delight in preparing special dishes for them.

1. Evelyn Winters smiles in anticipation of the gay evening with Bruce, whose corsage she has just received. Evelyn has been seeing much of Bruce while her playwright guardian, Gary Bennet, has been in Boston for the tryout of his new play.

**story continued
next page →**



3. There is some strange past connection between Bruce and Cecily Lockwood, star of Gary's play. A mysterious visit by Bruce to Cecily's dressing room reveals his powerful hold over her.



4. Another of Evelyn's visitors is likable Bob Mathews, pilot of Bruce's plane. Bob became interested in Evelyn after their plane crashed on the return trip from Boston.

The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters

*Playing their parts as you hear
them on the air are:*

Evelyn Winters.....	Toni Darnay
Bruce Holliday.....	Ivor Francis
Cecily Lockwood.....	Sarah Burton
Bob Mathews.....	Cliff Carpenter
Kirk Slater.....	Bill Quinn
Joe Edwards.....	E. G. Marshall

The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
is heard M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, ABC. Spon-
sor: Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.



6. Evelyn, herself, has become interested in Kirk Slater, a young, struggling pianist. She occasionally visits Slater at the small Greenwich Village night spot where he entertains nightly.



5. Evelyn is greatly surprised to run into Cecily Lockwood on a New York street. Cecily, equally taken aback, claims she came to New York only for shopping and must rush back to Boston that night for her performance.



7. An even more mysterious and sinister meeting takes place on a point of land overlooking Narragansett Bay where Holliday's plane sank after the crash on their return from the opening of Bruce's play in Boston. Bruce discusses a plan with his henchman, Joe Edwards, a nefarious plan which may affect Evelyn and, to an extent, Gary Bennet.

These girls

*Bob has two broods to worry
about—and love; real-life
Youngs and make-believe Andersons
—who seem pretty real, too!*



*Radio family . . . Robert
and Norma Jean Nilsson.*

IN HOLLYWOOD there's a man named Jim Anderson. He has a daughter, Kathy, who thinks he's the most wonderful father in the world. Also in Hollywood lives Robert Young. He has a daughter, Barbara, who thinks he's the most wonderful father in the world. And obviously, both girls are right, because Jim Anderson and Robert Young are one and the same. On the other hand, Kathy and Barbara aren't even remotely related. Confused? Here's the explanation:

Kathy is the daughter of Robert Young *only* when he's playing the role of Jim Anderson, the "father" of NBC's *Father Knows Best*. Barbara is his real-life, all-the-time daughter. One thing's for sure—on the air or off, both girls do think he's wonderful!

Norma Jean Nilsson, who plays Kathy, Bob's radio daughter, would rather talk about *Father Knows Best* rehearsals than anything else, because they're more fun than just about anything else. And Bob Young is always on hand for the fun. "Maybe he'll spin me around in a quick waltz," she'll tell you, "or some days he'll tease us all day long! Other times he'll join us at the piano for impromptu singing. He takes part in all our doings, and that makes us enjoy them more."

There are other get-togethers, too, away from the studio. Like the Christmas parties the Youngs give each year for the "Anderson Family." Then Bob's make-believe daughter and his real daughters have a wonderful time comparing notes. And one of Norma Jean's nicest memories, she says, is the Christmas present she got from Bob last year—a watch, inscribed "To Kathy from Daddy." With a sigh of pure satisfaction she exclaims, "I wouldn't part with it for anything in the world!"

Ask Norma Jean what she thinks of Bob as a movie star and she'll tell you, "How can you think of a wonderful man like (Continued on page 70)"

Robert Young can be heard on *Father Knows Best*, Thursday, 8:00 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee.

know Father best



In appearance, the Young family . . . the real family, that is . . . is equally divided. Misses number one and two, Barbara and Carol respectively, closely resemble their mother, while the small fry, Betty Lou and Kathy, are chips off the old block—and take great delight in keeping the “old block” guessing as to what their next escapades will bring forth.



**Peggy
Wood**

(Mama)



"All I want to do," said Peggy Wood, "is get to my house in the country—and I never seem to be able to spend enough time there." Peggy finds there is so much work connected with her role as *Mama* that she has to organize her life "like a railroad timetable."

The week, from Monday through Friday, is taken up with everything from board meetings to getting her hair done. "But Friday," says Peggy, "really begins the week. After the show I take the train home and have a whole weekend free to be just a housewife—" and incidentally, spend some time with her husband, William H. Walling.

Peggy says that she played on the stage for "thousands of years" and hardly anyone ever recognized her. Now she can't walk on the street without being stopped by passersby.

Of her "family," Peggy says: "In all my years in the theatre, only two plays have had such congenial companies—'Candida,' which had only six people in the cast, and 'Bittersweet,' with ninety-eight people."

Mama is seen Friday at 8:00 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. Sponsor: Maxwell House Coffee.

Mama's family

Meet the six people who make up the



**Judson
Laire**

(Papa)



Judson Laire was pushed into the theatre by the depression. The mortgage business was at its worst in 1934 and Judson, who had also worked with a little theatre group, soon found himself playing opposite Jane Cowl in "Rain from Heaven." But, despite many years of theatre work, Judson claims he was "just waiting for TV. You can do so much more, repeating a part in television, than you can in the theatre."

Judson, a bachelor, lives in Pleasantville, New York, where his chief delight is gardening. Having learned the hard way, that "you can't just put something in the ground and let it grow," Judson has become a "green thumb" gardener.

As much as Judson enjoys his role as *Papa*, he believes "it is important to play other roles once in a while—a singer can't go on singing the same aria all the time—an actor needs a change to keep from going stale."



**Robin
Morgan**

(Dagmar)



Robin Morgan has seen several miracles achieved by prayer in her nine years of life, but her "special miracle" was winning the part of *Dagmar*. "I had just seen 'I Remember Mama,' and I said, 'I wish someday that they would make it into a TV show and I would be *Dagmar*.' Then I prayed every night, for two years, and they called me in for the audition—just like that."

Robin, who is studying piano and ballet, manages to head her school in grades, but the one thing in which she is not "proficient"—a word she picked up from a script—is telling time.

Peggy Wood was so delighted with one of her performances that she gave the girl a small charm—a jug of plenty—that she had worn, herself, for many years in the theatre.

"The show is wonderful," says Robin dreamily. "It would hurt awful much to ever have to leave."

Hansen family—strangers once—now even closer than a real family



**Dick
Van Patten**

(Nels)



**Rosemary
Rice**

(Katrin)



**Ruth
Gates**

(Aunt Jenny)



Young Dick Van Patten is a veteran of eighteen years on the stage—undoubtedly a long record for a twenty-three-year-old, but at the age of five, Dick was already babbling into the ears of an enchanted audience. From that first role, as the son of Elissa Landi and Melvyn Douglas in "Tapestry in Gray," until his most recent role in "Mr. Roberts," Dick has been on the stage side of the footlights in fifteen major productions.

Dick has a great capacity for doing two things at once. For a long time he found himself going to school during the day and acting at night—with late rehearsals and early risings. Later, he was acting in both "Mr. Roberts" and *Mama*. But now he again finds time for the athletic activities he loves.

As for girls, Dick, who lives with his parents in New York, has "no special girl right now," but he adds, with that Van Patten gleam in his eyes, "I do like them little."

"It was really just luck that helped me get started in the theatre," says Rosemary Rice. "Back in 1942, I was one of a group of kids who put on plays, just for fun. One night, George Kaufman came to see us and gave me a small part in a play he was doing. The second day of rehearsal there was an opening for a larger part—and there I was." After that, "lucky" Rosemary went on to play in shows like "Junior Miss" and "Dear Ruth" as well as radio work.

Rosemary's biggest problem, however, was getting her parents' permission to act in the Kaufman play. They wanted her to finish school first; so they compromised on Professional Children's School. Now, at twenty, Rosemary's studies are confined to the accordion, piano and cooking. "I've had some marvelous cooking parties with the cast," she enthuses. "They're wonderful—almost closer than my own family."

As the only member of the original Broadway cast to appear in the TV show, Ruth Gates didn't know how she was going to work out with the new cast until she realized that this cast had the same feeling the original one had. "It's just like playing with a different Hansen family," she says.

The Texas-born actress started out to be a concert pianist, but after an accident disabled one of her fingers, she turned to the stage. Ruth has been in TV since the early days when "they would aim the camera at your feet when you were talking." But she says she never realized the popularity *Mama* has achieved until last summer when she was playing in theatre-in-the-round. To get to her dressing room she had to pass through the audience, and ignoring the rest of the cast, hundreds of children caught on to her skirt, asking for her autograph—not for the part she was playing, but as *Aunt Jenny*.

This is my life

*She's a short-cut cook, Jan
admits, but when it comes
to refinishing, refurbishing—
that's where she shines!*

My four-room Manhattan apartment has been furnished with two ideas in mind—to make the place as attractive as possible for now, and to buy things that will also be useful later, when I move permanently to my New Hampshire place, which I call "Hilltop House." I've found that wrought-iron garden furniture is most adaptable to this two-for-one scheme of mine. My dining table, for instance, is white wrought iron, with four chairs to match—as you can see in the picture. (I use gay place mats instead of tablecloths, to show off the pretty glass top.) In my bedroom I have a small glass-topped garden table which, skirted in the same fabric as my draperies, makes a wonderful dressing table. My television set rests on another such table. Actually, whether you plan on another, later use for the furniture or not, I think wrought iron in white or colors is perfect, especially for small rooms. It's so pretty, easy to care for, and it's inexpensive when you compare prices with really good quality wooden pieces. And it's built to last!

If you have some odd pieces of garden furniture you're no longer using outdoors, why not paint them and bring them inside for a new lease on life? Here's how to go about it: first, take a stiff wire brush or sandpaper to remove the rust. Touch up the bare metal with metal primer, which you can get at any hardware store, and let it dry thoroughly. Use enamel paint—any

color you like—applying one or two coats as necessary to cover the previous color. And there you are!

As far as housekeeping is concerned, I prefer practically any other household task to cooking. That doesn't mean, however, that I take all my meals out, or that I never have guests for dinner. I've simply worked out short-cuts. Mixes, for instance, are life-savers for people like me—I keep a full line on hand. Corn muffin mix, for example—did you know that you can also use it for delicious waffles and pancakes, and that when you make it as thin cornbread, rather than muffins, it's wonderful for sandwiches? Another way I short-cut kitchen time is with casserole meals, especially for company. A good casserole dish, rolls, a whopping big mixed salad, with perhaps fruit and cheese for dessert—that's what you'll get if you're invited to my house for dinner. One of my favorite all-in-one dishes is Hungarian Goulash. Goes like this:

1/2 lb. lean beef	3/4 tsp. salt
1/2 lb. lean veal	1/8 tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. fat	1/4 tsp. marjoram
1/4 cup chopped onion	1/2 cup canned tomatoes
1 tbsp. chopped green pepper	1 cup diced potatoes
1/2 tsp. paprika	1 cup diced carrots

Cut meat into 1-inch cubes. Melt fat in a heavy skillet; add meat and brown well on all sides. Add onion and green pepper; cook until lightly browned. Add seasonings and tomatoes. Cover tightly and simmer over low heat 45 minutes or till meat is tender. Add potatoes and carrots; cook 20 minutes longer or until vegetables are tender. You'll need to add 1/2 cup tomato juice or water during the cooking period—the goulash is right when it's juicy but not runny. Serves four.

The floors of my apartment are carpeted. Naturally there are spots—doorways, in front of the most-used pieces of furniture and so on—which get more wear than the others. These places I like to protect with small cotton shag rugs. Because

By JAN MINER

my iron furniture is white, I've matched it with white shag rugs which, of course, require frequent cleaning. It's not as big a problem as it sounds, though, for the rugs can be washed in the washing machine. First I go over them, both sides, with the vacuum cleaner. Next, I brush spots and stains with soap solution. Then into lukewarm suds they go, to soak for ten or fifteen minutes. I wash the rugs in my automatic washing machine, one rug at a time, in fresh warm suds. If they're badly soiled—which means I've let them go too long!—they get a second washing in fresh suds. Usually one rinse is enough, but if the first rinse water isn't clear, I put them through a second rinsing. If you don't have an automatic machine which whirls out most of the water, squeeze out as much as you can by hand—but never put the rugs through the wringer! To dry them, hang—outdoors if possible—across two lines to allow for air circulation.

Besides my beloved wrought-iron garden pieces, a good deal of the remainder of my furniture is either mirror-finished or consists of unpainted pieces which I finished myself. These latter offer color contrast for the white of the iron furniture and the cotton shag rugs. Two chests, a desk and two tables I painted black. For a note of wonderful brightness I finished the unpainted coffee table a glorious red—I'm crazy about it! When I bought the mirrored pieces—screen, chest and two credenzas—I vowed I'd learn how to care for them, for nothing is so unattractive as cloudy, streaked mirrors. I've found the old-fashioned way of keeping them sparkling works best—that is, warm soapsuds with a few drops of household ammonia in the water. I dip a clean cloth in the solution, wring it out well, and wipe the mirrored surfaces with it, using long, crosswise strokes. Then I rinse with another cloth, wrung out of clear water. At once, I dry the surface with a soft cloth or chamois.

Jan Miner is *Julie* on *Hilltop House*, M-F 3 P.M. EST, on CBS stations. Sponsor: Alka Seltzer and Bactine.



Jan Miner's two-for-one decorating scheme includes the use of wrought-iron furniture in her Manhattan apartment—chairs and tables which can be re-used after she moves permanently to her country home.

No trouble



THE Stu Erwins, as stars of stage, screen, radio and now ABC-TV's Stu Erwin Show, are celebrities. But for celebrities, they behave in a most unusual way. You can search the Stork Club, the Copacabana, or any of those terribly fashionable little clubs, and never lay eyes on them. You can hunt through theatre lobbies and exquisite dance rooms in vain. Stu Erwin and June Collyer, his lovely, blonde wife, will be

sitting at home, chatting with their children or watching television.

"We're homebodies," Stu says with his famous frown. "It was the same in Hollywood. You don't have to go chasing after something you already have."

The Erwins really have pulled a switch. Many Hollywood stars come east for a TV show and hop a plane back west the next morning. Some

with



father !

In this family there is a real exchange of ideas and knowledge. Judy teaches Father jive, and Father instructs daughter in the more graceful steps of his youth. Mother is always the final fashion consultant on date nights.



Just like everyday folks, the Erwins enjoy family life . . . the little things that unite a family, like the album. In more serious moments, Stu and Bill work over school problems—sometimes to Father's consternation.

To his family, Stu Erwin is a great guy, tops, the best there is! And why not?

of them even split the year between Hollywood and New York. But the Erwins, after nearly a lifetime in the film capital, moved bag and baggage to the big city, to return only for six weeks at a time to make films for their TV show.

"Confusing," Stu admits in their Park Avenue apartment: "But the reasons are simple. We have many good friends here, our kids are going to school in the East—and besides New

York is just as good a town to live in as Hollywood."

A big, beautiful white cat, Gretchen by name, glides across the room and rubs against June's ankle, contributing to the pretty picture June makes in the hand. (Continued on page 72)

Stu and June Erwin can be seen on The Stu Erwin Show, Fri., 8:30 P.M. EST, ABC-TV. Sponsor is General Mills.

the RADIO-TV MIRROR



THE annual RADIO-TV MIRROR Awards poll offers you your only opportunity, in a recognized, nation-wide voting, to express your preferences concerning radio and television programs and performers. So cast your vote—make your voice heard! Fill out the ballots and mail them in, postmarked no later than December 1, 1951. You need not sign your name. This season's winners will be announced in the May, 1952, issue.

Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television

(Write in the name of *one* favorite star opposite *each* classification)

STARS	RADIO	TELEVISION
Singer (man)		
Singer (woman)		
Comedian		
Comedienne		
Daytime Serial Actor		
Daytime Serial Actress		
Dramatic Actor		
Dramatic Actress		
Quizmaster		
Master of Ceremonies		
News Commentator		
Sports Announcer		
Husband-Wife Team		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1721, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)

awards for

1951-52

Vote for your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television

(Write in the name of one favorite program opposite each classification)

PROGRAMS	RADIO	TELEVISION
Dramatic		
Comedy		
Musical		
Daytime Serial		
Daytime (non-serial)		
Audience Participation		
Quiz		
Mystery		
Variety		
Amateur		
Women's		
Children's		
Best Program on Air		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1721, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)

SOMETHING IN YOUR HOME NEED FIXING? FOLLOW US—

around the house with **Broke**

AFTER twenty-seven years of being nattily dressed, spick-and-span groomed radio announcer (presently announcing Theatre Guild on the Air), Norman Brokenshire got into TV because he's a first-rate mechanic, builder and handyman. "When I realized this Better Home Show was so much a part of me I didn't even need rehearsing, I jumped at it," he says. "I dress just like I do when I'm working on my house—shirtsleeves, no tie, an old hat. And just like I demonstrate stuff to my own neighbors, on the program I show neighbors Dick and Doreen Wilson how they can do small repair jobs and make some of the things every household needs." Broke explains his gift for ad libbing: "My father was a preacher and my mother was a woman," but his gift for using tools and materials is based on a lifelong curiosity about how things work plus the determination to find out. Other Brokenshire hints: Kids scuff toes of shoes? Toughen with shellac. Candles messy? Refrigerate them the night before a party—no drips!

The Better Home Show, starring Norman Brokenshire, every Saturday 6:30-7 P.M. EST over WJZ-TV. Sponsored by Anthracite Institute.



1. One look at dry, paint-filled brush and Norman Brokenshire has a text for his "fix-it" sermon.



1. Doreen's favorite small vase is cracked and no longer holds water, although it's not actually broken.



1. A dent in the coffee table—this time Doreen remembers something Broke has already taught her.



2. First, he shows how to "wash" stiffened bristles in kerosene and watches all the old paint dissolve.



3. Cotton cloth for wiping should finally show no paint stains, and the brush should be dry as possible.



4. It's next dipped in turpentine, wrapped—moist—in paper to keep dust-free and ready for the next job.



2. Broke knows all the answers to this. He melts paraffin and black crayon—vase bottom is black.



3. The hot, blackened paraffin is carefully poured to cover the entire bottom and seal up the crack.



4. When thoroughly dry, he scrapes away the excess wax at the sides, returns Doreen's vase water-tight.



2. She lays a wet cloth over dent, puts an ordinary bottle cap on the cloth right over the injured surface.



3. Then she rests hot iron on top of the bottle cap, allowing the resulting steam to do its restoring.



4. When she removes iron, cap and cloth, the wood surface is smooth again, as Broke predicted.



By

BOB

POOLE

Record buying is a serious business for Bob—the list is long, the records many.

Christmas Record Buying

WELL, goodness gracious, here it is close to Christmas again. And, being a disc jockey, I don't have to wonder what I can give folks. Everybody likes records. I've made a Christmas gift list, and maybe this can help all you folks out, too.

The first thing that I wrote to myself was to find out exactly what kind of record player all my kinfolks and friends own. Some have those 45 rpm doo-jiggers that play the small-sized records. Others still latch onto the 78 rpm's—those are the regular records we were brought up on. And some fans have gone high-falutin' with those new LP's, or 33 rpm's. Of course, some record fans are fancy as all git-out—their music players have all three speeds, so you can give them just anything at all.

Gotta be careful about the way you wrap records if they're breakable—some corrugated paper for protection and "fragile" marked on the outside if it's going through the mails. With those plastic records, now, you don't have to worry so much about their breaking.

Tops on my Christmas list—and it's a long one—naturally, are my young 'uns. And what they'll find in their stockings I hope would do fine for any children you know. For instance, RCA Victor have two new albums (*Continued on page 77*)

Bob Poole is heard on Poole's Paradise, Mon.-Fri., 3:00-4:00 P.M. EST, and the Bob Poole show, Mon.-Fri., 12:45-1:00 P.M. EST. Both on Mutual.



she's Engaged !

Dayle Fort's shining eyes, the diamond on her left hand—tell you there's happiness ahead! Dayle is engaged to Donald F. Nesbitt, Jr. They'll be married next summer in the charming First Presbyterian Church of South Orange, New Jersey—the groom tall and handsome and Dayle a most *beautiful* bride.

she's Lovely !

Tall, slender and graceful—Dayle Fort has a special charm. Her face shows you *right away* her enchanting Inner Self. Her mirthful eyes, soft brown hair set off her cool, silk-and-satin complexion. She *looks* a delightful person, someone you can't help liking *immediately*.



Dayle's Ring

she uses Pond's !

"I just adore Pond's Cold Cream," Dayle Fort says.

"Looking your best builds up your confidence," Dayle says

You always feel gayer, more confident when you know you look your prettiest.

Dayle thinks every girl's prettiest face depends on *fastidiously clean*, soft skin. Dayle's own complexion is appealing as spring lilacs. "For a blissfully *quick* and effective beauty cleansing, you can't equal Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It makes my skin feel so refreshed—*simply wonderful*."

You can make Dayle's "beauty formula" work a lovely magic for *your* complexion, too. Use Pond's Cold Cream *religiously* every night as Dayle does (and for day face cleansings). *This is the way you do it:*

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.

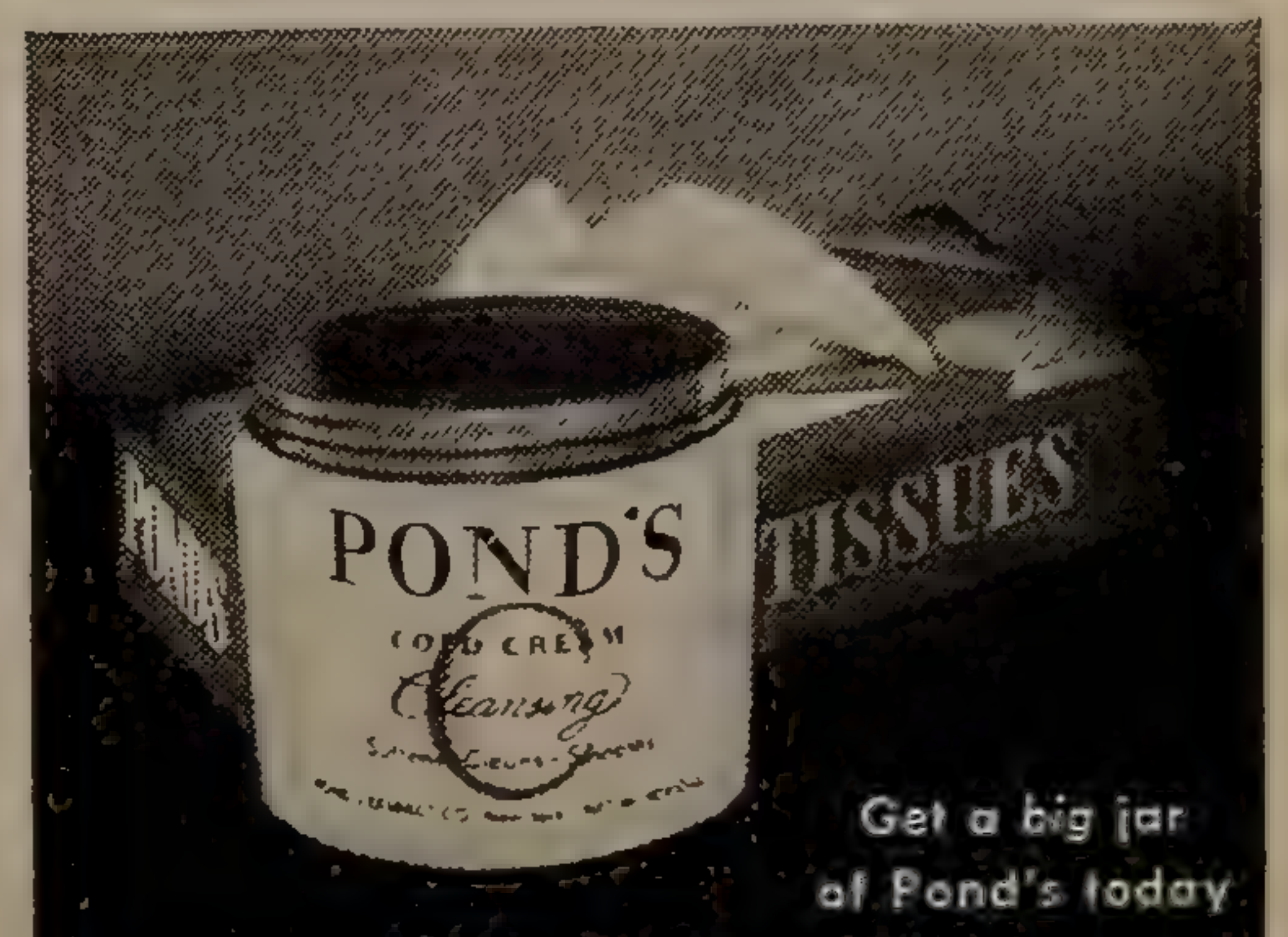
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—*perfect* results! Your complexion feels smooth and soft as a *baby's* skin!

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Show your most attractive self and a new confidence glows from your face, brings friends to you *on sight*.



Get a big jar of Pond's today.

Start your Pond's beauty care now. Help your face show a lovelier You!

THESE GIRLS KNOW FATHER BEST

(Continued from page 56) Mr. Young as a big movie star, to whom you can't talk? Why, we sit around rehearsals and play piano together!" She admits, though, that she used to be a Robert Young movie fan, in the days before *Father Knows Best*. She saw all his movies, "But when I began to work with him I never thought of him as Robert Young, the movie star, any more. He became Mr. Young, my friend—or Jim Anderson, my radio father."

Barbara, Bob's real-life daughter, has a story to tell on the subject of the movie star, Robert Young, too. (Actually, Bob has four daughters, but Barbara Young and Norma Jean Nilsson are exactly the same age—a grown-up thirteen—so their notes on "Daddy" run a close parallel.) Barbara will remind you that in Beverly Hills, where the Youngs live, it's not very unusual for children to have a famous parent, or even two. So the Young girls really never give the matter of having a movie star for a father much thought. To make her point, Barbara tells this story: "A few years ago," she begins, "some actor friends came to our house for dinner. As they got out of their car, a couple of kids stopped them to ask for autographs. Carol—she's my older sister—and I didn't know what an autograph was, so we asked Daddy. He explained that it was the signature of a person whom you especially admired, and that many people collected autographs."

"Well, the idea intrigued us. Carol and I asked for autograph books and Daddy, suppressing a sigh, got them for us. We were very busy, running around with those books under our arms, comparing notes every evening, trading autographs back and forth. When this had been going on a few weeks, Daddy asked to see our books—and, after leafing through them, he sat down and simply roared with laughter."

"We couldn't imagine what was wrong, but when he'd recovered, he told us we'd done very well. You see, there wasn't one single movie star in either book. Daddy had explained that people collected autographs of those they especially admired, and that's what we had—autographs of the milkman, the postman, our teachers, a favorite nurse, the gardener, our particular friends."

"Anyway," she finishes, "we did wind up

with the signature of *one* actor in our books. Daddy's."

Of course, at thirteen, both Barbara and Norma Jean go to school. You'd think that would cause some complications, Norma Jean being an actress in her own right and Barbara the daughter of a famous actor. But it doesn't seem to.

Says Norma Jean: "I go to Bancroft Junior High School, where I've made special arrangements to get Wednesdays off for *Father Knows Best* rehearsals. After the kids found out I was in the show, know what they asked me to do? Bring them back scripts. So now I try to salvage all I can to give to my schoolmates."

"Nobody at school thinks of me as a radio actress—or Mr. Young's radio daughter. They just wish they could get Wednesdays off, too!"

And Barbara: "Daddy's always been very interested in our welfare at school, and he's been active, with Mother, in PTA and similar organizations—just like any parent, actor or not. Carol and I go to Bishop's School in La Jolla now. Daddy has served several terms as chairman of the Fathers' Committee, and he's devoted to his duties. All our friends are crazy about him, and he's always been wonderful to them—encourages us to entertain our chums at home or up at the ranch. He's Mr. Young, Barbara's and Carol's Dad, to them. And if they do see him in the movies, I suspect that he's still Mr. Young."

What do they think about each other, these two girls—and about Kathy, the character-daughter of Jim Anderson? Well, Norma Jean's most impressed with Barbara's canasta-playing ability, and whenever Barbara visits the show, the girls take up their card game where they left it last time. Another thing they have in common is an interest in music—although, to hear their duo-rendition of chopsticks on the studio piano, you'd never guess they were both serious students!

As far as Kathy is concerned, Norma Jean enjoys playing the part—because, she points out, Kathy's a lovable brat. "Of course," she'll remind you, "I'm thirteen and Kathy's only nine—but I sort of understand her."

"Kathy is a tomboy, and so was I. She's the mischief-maker of the Anderson fam-

ily, and maybe I was at home, too! Kathy has a brother and sister, while I have only a brother. But we have so much in common, we understand one another. I used to wonder if Kathy were modeled after one of Mr. Young's real daughters. But I found out the role is made up of the happenings of our writer's daughter, too. So Kathy is a little bit of everybody, I guess you'd say—even me."

Of Kathy, Barbara agrees that she's, "What do you call a combination of several people? A composite. Kathy's a composite."

And that's true. The experiences and comments of writer Ed James's daughter Jennifer often find their way into the *Father Knows Best* scripts. And, Barbara tells you, the same thing holds true at the Young house. "Whenever something amusing happens to me or to one of us, Daddy tells Mr. James about it—and the first thing you know, it has happened to the Andersons!"

AS FAR as Norma Jean is concerned, Barbara thinks she's wonderful, and a very talented actress. When they're home from school, the Young girls often go to the broadcast with their mother, and Barbara gets a kick out of watching Norma Jean go through her paces. "I know Daddy admires her ability, too," Barbara points out, "because he often speaks of it. And many times he doubles up with laughter during a rehearsal at the way Norma Jean reads a comedy line."

Finally—*does* Father know best?

Norma Jean: "Let me say it again, because I really mean it—what a wonderful person Mr. Young is! I think I'm lucky because I play his radio daughter and I think his real daughters are mighty lucky, too. He seems like a perfect father!"

And Barbara: "About lots of things, Daddy knows just about the best of anybody in the world. You see, he's the lone man among five women in our home—not counting my grandmother, who is with us much of the time. Now that Carol and I are both old enough to have boy friends, we rely on Daddy's interpretations of boys' likes and dislikes about the way girls dress, the way they behave, the way they react to different situations."

"Lately, Daddy has talked with us older girls about our ideas for the future, the kind of jobs we'd like to train for and all that. He never makes fun of us, no matter how impractical our notions must seem to him. He just sits down and reasons it all out with us, quietly and seriously—and, nine times out of ten, we end up agreeing with him."

"I like to mimic people and clown around quite a lot. Daddy and Mother have wondered, I think, if I would hanker to be an actress. They wouldn't care, one way or another, just so I was happy. But I think I'm a little too lazy."

"One of the most important things about the Youngs, we do things together. So while Father knows best about many things, he does only after weighing the ideas of the whole family . . . and, of course, in close harmony with Mother, who knows the best about a lot of things, too!"



HELP

... police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program every Sunday afternoon.

\$1000.00 REWARD

... is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. There's nothing to buy; no box-tops to send in. Hear the details about this \$1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries."

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"
Every Sunday Afternoon on 523 Mutual Stations

"Be Lux Lovely..."

says

Jane Wyman

WARNER BROS.
STAR



"Lux Soap Facials make my skin softer, smoother," Jane Wyman says. "Here's my daily complexion care: First I cream Lux Soap's rich *active* lather well into my skin. Active lather cleanses so gently, but thoroughly, too. I rinse with warm water, then cold."



"It's wonderful the fresh new beauty these Lux Soap Facials give my skin. As I pat with a towel to dry, I know my complexion is softer, smoother—really lovelier." Why don't you take Jane Wyman's tip—try this famous beauty care. It's easy to be Lux-lovely!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars
use Lux Toilet Soap

NO TROUBLE WITH FATHER!

(Continued from page 63) some room. The furnishings, brought from their California house, are bright and comfortable. The touch of the modern decorator and his new gimmicks are missing, and in its place are pieces and pictures that have a strong sentimental value. On the window ledge there is a fan, cased in glass, which once belonged to Jimmy Gleason's deceased wife, a close friend of the Erwins. Over the fireplace is a striking oil portrait of Stu.

"A Chicago artist painted that as a publicity stunt," June says, "but when I saw it, I insisted Stu buy it for me."

They celebrated their twentieth anniversary July of this year. Friends call them an ideal couple. When you come on them unexpectedly at home or in a studio, they'll most likely be holding hands.

"Twenty years," Stu repeats. "We're getting old. But lifelong marriages are the tradition in my family." Stu almost takes offense if you comment on what a great thing it is to find a solid marriage. Of course, he's right: most people marry but once in a lifetime, despite the newspaper stories of the many divorces and secondary marriages in Hollywood. "People don't remember the ones that hold up out there, like ours and the Pat O'Briens and Charley Farrells and a lot of others."

There was nothing hasty about Stu's marriage to June. They were both working for the same film studio when they met, and it wasn't until they got to know each other well—three years later—that they married.

"And I was twenty-eight at the time," he says, nodding his head emphatically. "Trouble with these unsuccessful marriages is that the man and wife are really still kids, not mature enough to know what they want, and not patient enough to wait and find out. You know, there are girls out there not much older than our Judy who have been married twice!"

Their sixteen-year-old Judy, a bright-eyed brunette, is not going to rush things. She and brother Bill, nineteen last September, are two sensible, modest youngsters. Judy loves the theatre and her dearest ambition is to go on the stage. But she agrees with her parents there is no hurry.

"And she's good," June tells you

proudly. "Judy reads parts like a trouper, and did very well in a student production this year."

Young Bill, on the other hand, shares his parents' love for show business but has no interest in acting, although he already has the profile of a handsome juvenile. Last fall he entered Brown University, enrolled in the Naval R.O.T.C. and is taking a liberal arts course.

"His name isn't really Bill," June puts in.

Stu gets that sheepish grin on his face as he explains that Bill's real name is Stuart. "It happened this way," Stu says. "My brother named his boy Kenneth. I didn't like it and said, 'Why don't you give him a good, short boy's name like Bill?' So he said to me, 'Why did you name your son Stuart?'"

Since that time, young Mr. Erwin, christened Stuart, has gone by the name of Bill, although it gets a little confusing for him at times. Kenneth, several years older than Bill, recently made Phi Beta Kappa, which led Judy to needle her father with, "Maybe you should have named Bill Kenneth, too."

The Erwins are a close-knit family, and most evenings of the week you'll find the four of them together. You might find June coaching Judy in a dramatic role, or catch Stu going over a lesson with Bill. Both parents take a keen interest in the children's schooling. Since Stu portrays a high school principal on his weekly show, it's natural that his interest is even greater than the average parent's. Stu's dramatizations of a teacher's job has been so sympathetic and understanding that the California Teachers' Association presented him with an award for his work.

Stu and June spend a lot of time watching television. Occasionally they even find themselves in some of the old movies that flicker on the screen. "Makes me wince," Stu says.

A lot of their close friends have TV shows and June's brother, Bud Collyer, is, of course, familiar to viewers. "There's a great deal of satisfaction in TV for show people," June tells you. "People who watch us feel so friendly. And another gratifying thing about our show is that it attracts a lot of children."

Although Stu became an actor by choice, June got to Hollywood by sheer accident. A Fox official was visiting her father, a New York corporation attorney, when he saw June's picture on the wall. He asked if June would care to make a screen test for a film they were making in New York. Of forty-nine girls tested for the part of a society girl, June won.

A contract took her to Hollywood and many starring roles but a couple of years after she married Stu, June practically stopped acting. That came about shortly after Bill was born. June was co-starring with Ralph Bellamy at the time. One morning before going to the studio, she asked the nurse to keep an eye on Bill. June went to work, but she couldn't keep from thinking that there had been a strange look in Bill's eyes. When her first rest period came, she rushed home. By that time, Bill looked really ill. June called the doctor; he told her that it was nothing but a common infant's illness. June begged off work that afternoon.

"It's not worth it," she told Stu. "I'm not going to make another picture for anyone in the world."

June didn't bring her career to quite such a crashing halt, but for a long time she took on very few acting commitments. Actually, the TV series is the first project Stu and June have worked in together for many years. And they really work. When they get to Hollywood, they're at the studio six full days a week and turn out a complete show every two days.

"Then we come back to New York," June comments, "sit in front of the set and watch ourselves."

Actually, they are kept busy enough in New York as well, with business meetings and guest appearances on other shows. But when it comes to recreation, there is nothing exotic or eccentric about the Erwins' taste. They may go to a ball game, take a long walk, or just go looking.

"Spent a whole day with the children in the Museum of Natural History last week," Stu tells you. "And June and I really had ourselves a time in the Washington Market." With great savor they recall their expedition to the Market, one of the largest food centers in the world. Anything eaten anywhere in the world can be found there. The Erwins watched one dealer freezing reindeer meat for country-wide shipment, saw a lobster that weighed eighteen pounds and feasted on oysters and Cherrystone clams and thick, luscious sandwiches.

"Came out of there stuffed to the gills," Stu says. "And for both of us it cost only two dollars and ten cents."

"Can you imagine what it would have cost at '21'?" June asks. Stu shrugs and remarks that they just don't get around to the hot spots. It was the same way in Hollywood—just ordinary, real living.

So if you happen to walk up Park Avenue some evening and hear a family singing and a ukulele (Bill's) being strummed, you're probably right beneath the Erwins' windows. Fact is they're very friendly, very nice people—the kind you'd most enjoy as your next-door neighbors!

"I was never so happy before!"



said one amazed listener when she heard the answer to her own problem on radio's "My True Story". "My True Story" is helping thousands of people find the way to happiness because it presents *real-life* dramas of real people and their problems—direct from the files of True Story Magazine. Here you'll find vividly portrayed stories dealing with love, hope, fear, jealousy and many others.

TUNE IN

MY TRUE STORY

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS



in television viewing

New York City and Suburbs and New Haven Channel 6
November 11—December 10

Monday through Friday

- 11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6**
Warren Hull emcees a quiz show for the needy.
- 11:30 A.M. Television Shopper • 5**
Texas-born Maggi Johnson, one-time model, discusses home furnishings, costume jewelry.
- 11:30 A.M. Dennis James Show • 7**
A meeting place for mothers where they can exchange ideas, advice and counsel.
- 12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2**
Life on a chicken farm set humorous problems for this serial with Pat Kirkland.
- 12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4**
Lunchtime proves to be fun time as Ruth invites 50 lucky guests to take part.
- 12:00 Noon Langford & Ameche • 7**
Frances and Don sing and emcee their way through a bubbling, fast-paced variety.
- 12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2**
Daily dramatic series with Betty McCay in leading role of Vanessa Dale.
- 12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6**
Daytime serial of trials of an American family torn between past and present.
- 1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6**
Anything can happen and Garry sees that it does in this hour of comedy.
- 2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2**
Young marital problems with a light touch.
- 3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4**
Story of a woman attorney's career and emotional problems, starring Susan Peters.
- 3:30 P.M. Fashion Magic • 2**
Arlene Francis demonstrates how every woman can be fashionable. (Tuesday only.)
- 3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)**
Music, skits and comedy starring Bert as emcee with Bobby Sherwood, Betty Ann Grove.

- 3:30 P.M. Bill Goodwin Show • 4 & 6 (T, Th)**
Whimsical nonsense starring Bill assisted by vocalists Eileen Barton and Roger Dann.
- 4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6**
Kate Smith brightens your afternoon with a full hour of music, variety.
- 5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,290 • 4**
Life in a typical American town with a host of true-to-life characters.
- 5:15 P.M. Gabby Hayes Show • 4**
The genial, grizzled old cowhand adds comic, off-screen narration for films.
- 5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody Show • 4 & 6**
Bob Smith with Howdy, Clarabell, the other puppets plus the excited peanut gallery.
- 7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6**
An excursion into make-believe.
- 7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5**
Al Hodges, many years a Sunday school teacher, as Captain Video, interplanetary hero.
- 7:30 P.M. Mohawk Showroom • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)**
Roberta Quinlan warbles, assisted by guest stars and Musical Craftsmen Trio.
- 7:30 P.M. The Little Show • 4 (T, Th)**
Musical vignettes starring John Conte.
- 7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2**
Solos by the master baritone. Guests and the Fontane Sisters.
- 7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6**
Evening summary with John Cameron Swayze.

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7**
Talented young candidates bid for Hollywood fame. Program host is Neil Hamilton.
- 7:30 P.M. Mr. & Mrs. Mystery • 9**
John and Barbara Gay, TV's only married crime team, go into their third year of video.
- 8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6**
Star-cast, powerful drama of ordinary people suddenly caught in crucial circumstances.
- 8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4**
Paul and Jerry Mahoney's tomfoolery plus popular parlor game "What's My Name?"
- 8:00 P.M. Mr. District Attorney • 7**
Exciting stories of society's war on crime. Nov. 12 & 26, Dec. 10. Alternating with—
The Amazing Mr. Malone
Stage and screen star Lee Tracy in the role of a criminal lawyer. Nov. 19 & Dec. 3.
- 8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2**
The "redhead" gives encouragement to newcomers to show business.
- 8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6**
Guest soloists of opera and concert hall in recital. Howard Barlow musical conductor.
- 8:30 P.M. Life Begins at 80 • 7**
With Jack Barry at the helm, octogenarians prove "all the sugar is in the bottom of the cup."
- 9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2**
Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, husband and wife, team up for hilarious domestic comedy.
- 9:00 P.M. Wrestling with Dennis James • 5**
From Columbia Park, N. J., the groan and grunt forays with sportscasting by Dennis.
- 9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4**
Humor and light romance but always about everyday people in lifelike situations.
- 9:30 P.M. Maugham Theatre • 4**
Drama adapted from Maugham's works. Bi-weekly: Nov. 12 & 26. Alternating with—
Robert Montgomery Presents
Top quality video plays produced and narrated by Montgomery.
- 10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6**
Superlative drama always aimed for top-level performance and production.

R
M

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7

Hattie McDaniels, who once worked as cook and maid when the going was tough, in the title role of the frolicsome housekeeper. Others in family comedy: Butterfly McQueen, Ginger Jones, William Post, Jr.

8:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2

Frankie, self-styled "not a sweater boy," although fans have sent him over a hundred knitted items, in a full-hour revue with song and dance and big name stars.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4

Milton Berle unloads a bag of fun in his hour of comedy and variety with an imposing assortment of star entertainers.

8:00 P.M. Charlie Wild, Private Detective • 7

The hard-hitting investigator, played by Pitt graduate John McQuade, gets his man in spite of lethal weapons and women.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2 & 6

Rudolph Halley, famous for his interrogation as counsel for the Kefauver Committee, narrates dramatic stories emphasizing the problems faced by honest law enforcement agencies in their efforts to snuff out crime.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4

Stories filmed in Hollywood with romantic themes and unusual situations.

9:00 P.M. Boxing • 9

From Westchester County Center, Stan Lomax and Dick Nesbitt handle the mike for pro fights scheduled by matchmaker Joe McKenna.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6

Gripping mystery drama in this series famous for years as a radio and TV favorite.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4

Humor and light romance but always about everyday people in lifelike situations.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

Spine-tingling action is guaranteed in this series boasting original mysteries and psychological drama.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6

Ted Mack, recently "appointed" ambassador extraordinary of the Duchy of Duluth, gives young hopefuls a chance at their "big break" in show business.

10:00 P.M. Q. E. D. • 7

Emcee Fred Uttal builds mystery stories, contributed by viewers, to taunt panelists: actress Margaret Hayes, columnist Lee Rogow, producer Hi Brown, musician Richard Himber.

R 10:30 P.M. Chicago Symphony • 7

M A 30-minute chamber orchestral recital conducted by Rafael Kubelik, famous throughout the world for his interpretations.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7

Fast-paced audience participation show with prizes worth up to \$500 plus big jackpot worth thousands for the "Mystery Voice." John Reed King heads the show assisted by Cindy Cameron, comedian Dick Collier and dancers Russell Arms and Liza Palmer.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and Friends • 2 & 6

Arthur, who says he's not really so much relaxed as tired, with his big family: Janette Davis, Hale-loke, Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, the Chor-dettes and Mariners, Archie Bleyer and announcer Tony Marvin.

8:00 P.M. Kate Smith Evening Hour • 4

The moon is well over the horizon as Kate presents a magnificent extravaganza with comedy and dramatic stars participating in sketches. Kate, of course, sings against a background of intriguing dance arrangements.

8:00 P.M. Frosty Frolics • 7

A lavish one-hour musical variety show on ice featuring outstanding numbers from the Ice Follies, Ice Capades. On Film.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

Warren Hull, who frequently sees his old Hollywood films on TV these days, emcees the "show with a heart," giving needy contestants a chance to win up to \$500.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

The policy on this show, TV's first regular dramatic program, continues with adult plays, many originals, cast with actors fit to the part, rather than big names.

9:00 P.M. Don McNeill TV Club • 7

Charming, goodnatured Don combining audience participation and variety with his famous gang. Nov. 14 & 28. Alternating with—

Arthur Murray Party

Kathryn Murray, wife of the celebrated dance master, heading a big dance party with Emil Coleman's orchestra. Nov. 21 & Dec. 5.

9:05 P.M. College Basketball • 9

Beginning Dec. 5, WOR-TV picks up weekly cage games at Columbia, Fordham and St. Francis. First game, N.Y.U. vs. St. Francis. Until then, wrestling from Ridgewood.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2

Suspenseful mysteries, adapted from the best works of the Mystery Writers of America, and almost sure to please viewers who enjoy a bit of blood-curdling.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling • 7 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)

Grappling activity from Chicago's Rainbo Arena. Wayne Griffin at matside.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6

Live telecasts of the nation's top boxing bouts from New York, Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis. Russ Hodges at the mike.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4

"Mr. Energy" Parks, as his co-workers call him offers questions worth from ten to \$500 to studio contestants with a huge cash bank for the big winner. Music by Peter Van Steeden. Bud Collyer, host.

10:00 P.M. Playwrights' Theatre • 7

Distinguished drama from the works of masters of the playwriting craft. Full hour adaptations biweekly: Nov. 14, "Winterset" by Maxwell Anderson; Nov. 28, "Old Acquaintance" by John Van Druten.

7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7

Heigh-ho, Silver, and away to rugged Westerns.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen Show • 2

A comedy of errors (and most of them committed by Gracie) inspires Georgie's chagrin and wisecracks. Biweekly: Nov. 15 & 29. Alternating with—

Garry Moore Evening Show

The irrepressible comedian featuring headline entertainers and regular vocalists Ken Carson and Denise Lor. Nov. 22 & Dec. 6.

8:00 P.M. Groucho Marx • 4

The hilarious, unconventional man with the wagging eyebrows interviews three pairs of contestants. Cash prizes include \$100 for secret word, \$320 for answering a series of four questions plus a chance at jackpot never less than \$1,000.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6

That personable Southern gentleman, Bert Parks, with a variety of prizes worth as much as \$15,000. Entertainers include: Betty Ann Grove, Jimmy Blaine and Kay Armen.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2

Roguish, twinkling Kingfish (Tim Moore), portly, romantic Andy (Spencer Williams) and the other lovable characters of this comedy classic in their weekly story.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4

Crime adventure based on actual cases from the private files of the United States Treasury Department. Walter Greaza stars.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2

The brightest, funniest comedian to come forward in the past five years, with laugh-loaded sketches and characterizations.

9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4

Tenor James Melton is host to dramatic, comedy and variety stars. Regulars include lovely Dorothy Warenskjold, Dr. Roy K. Marshall and Frank Black's orchestra.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5 & 6

Murders solved by the debonair Ellery, played by Lee Bowman, handsome motion picture star, who was a crack college athlete in ice hockey, baseball and track.

9:00 P.M. Herb Shriner Show • 7

Herb, the Hoosier humorist most often compared to the late Will Rogers, in comedy skits typical of life in the U.S.A.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2

Steve Wilson, of the *Illustrated Press*, played by Pat McVey, ferrets out ruthless killers. Julie Stevens as Lorelei.

9:30 P.M. Gruen Theatre • 7

Top-flight dramatic entertainment, filmed in Hollywood, with stage and screen stars noted for their fine performances.

10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2

Film series with Reed Hadley starring as Captain Braddock, presenting real life stories of racket and confidence squads.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6

The pipe-smoking sleuth in pursuit of murderers. Played by screen star Lloyd Nolan, Hollywood's most enthusiastic square-dancer.

10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2

Amateur detecting by news photographer Casey, played by crew-cut Darren McGavin, whose first job in show business was designing sets for Dietrich's "Kismet."

7:30 P.M. Life with Linkletter • 7

Humor, pathos, comedy and zany stunts make up versatile Art's well-rounded assortment of interviews. Biweekly: Nov. 16 & 30. Alternating with—

Say It With Acting

Elegant Maggi McNellis teams up with Bud Collyer as competing teams from Broadway shows play charades. Nov. 23 & Dec. 7.

7:30 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 9

Jack Barry's panel of uninhibited small fry attempts to solve problems of both their parents and contemporaries.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6

The inspired series of a wonderful family and their life. Peggy Wood stars as Mama.

8:00 P.M. The Goldbergs • 4

The fabulous Bronx family starring writer-creator Gertrude Berg as Molly in 30 minutes that draw laughs and tears.

8:00 P.M. Mystery Theatre • 7

Tom Conway, star of the Falcon radio series, plays Inspector Saber of the Homicide Squad, assisted by Sergeant Maloney, played by James Burke, of film fame.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2

Tough, rough and brainy, private eye Mike Barnet, played by stage and screen star Ralph Bellamy, in stories of sleuthing.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6

People who make the news appear on this clearing house for events in America. Dan Seymour emcees with Oscar Bradley's band.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2

Helen Hayes and Walter Hampden are two of the distinguished actors contracted to appear at intervals on this dramatic hour.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6

Dramatizations of true experiences of news reporters narrated by Bob Sloane.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5

TV version of "Hang the Butcher," with Dr. Bergen Evans, Professor at Northwestern U., moderating. Panelists are Francis Coughlin, lovely Carmelita Pope and Toni Gilman.

9:00 P.M. Crime with Father • 7

Hair-trigger action stories with a father-daughter detective combination. Rusty Lane plays Captain Jim Riland; Peggy Lobbins as his impetuous but keen-sighted daughter.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6

Comedy in family mishaps personally manufactured by bewildered Henry, played by Henry Garrard, who came up to New York from Greenville, Miss. two years ago.

9:30 P.M. Tales of Tomorrow • 7

Here is an unusual and provocative dramatic series, well-cast, with stories based on the best of adult science fiction.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6

Jimmy Powers provides running commentary for bouts scheduled by the International Boxing Club at Madison Square Garden.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5

Gleeful Gleason with his mirth-provoking impersonations and poignant sketches. With Jackie and the June Taylor Dancers.

10:30 P.M. Hollywood Opening Night • 2

Complete stories, ranging from romance to melo drama, and featuring Hollywood actors.

10:45 P.M. Great Fights of the Century • 4 & 6

Slug-fests that made fistic history, on film: Nov. 16, Sammy Mandell vs. Jimmy McLarnin; Nov. 23, Joe Louis vs. Al Ettore; Nov. 30, Henry Armstrong vs. "Baby" Arizmendi; Dec. 7, Jack Dempsey vs. Jess Willard.

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2

Daredevils in death-defying stunts, jugglers and pretty trapeze artists, with ringmaster Jack Sterling.

1:45 P.M. College Football • 4 & 6

The last college game of the season to be telecast live in New York Area. Nov. 17, Columbia University vs. U. S. Naval Academy.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Films • 9

Excellent comedy and romance with English titles: Nov. 24, "Lost Happiness" with Leonardo Cortesi; Dec. 1, "The Sin of Patricia" with the glamorous Valli; Dec. 8, "Two on a Vacation" with Vittorio di Sica.

6:30 P.M. Mr. Wizard • 4

Don Herbert explains and demonstrates the basic principles that rule machines, from the door knob to industrial giants.

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2

The swing and sway band, featuring vocalist Barbara Benson. Sammy has given away \$5,000 worth of batons as souvenirs.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2

Assisted by gorgeous Roxanne, Bud Collyer, once narrator on radio's Cavalcade of America, emcees the parlor stunts.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4

Family situation comedy series casting Bert Lytell as father, Marjorie Gateson as mother, with Russel Thorson, Lillian Schaaf, others.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6

Droll Ken Murray with jests and guests of the entertainment world in dramatic segments, song and dance.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4

Comedy extravaganza headlining the nation's top comics on rotating basis: Nov. 17, Danny Thomas; Nov. 24, Jack Carson; Dec. 1, Jimmy Durante; Dec. 8, Ed Wynn.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7

From Town Hall in Philadelphia, Paul Whiteman and co-emcee Nancy Lewis present talented teen-agers featuring crooner Stanley Klet and 3½-year-old prodigy Andrea McLaughlin.

9:00 P.M. Wonderful Town • 2

The dazzling actress and TV queen, Faye Emerson, is your glamour-guide to U. S. cities, spotlighting outstanding celebrities.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6

A memorable 90 minutes with Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar in a revue of music, satire and comedy, featuring Marguerite Piazza, Mata and Hari, Judy Johnson, Jack Russell, Bill Hayes, Carl Reiner, the Hamilton Trio and the Billy Williams Quartet.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes On • 2

The national booking office of the air starring salesman Robert Q. Lewis auditioning talented artists for potential buyers.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2

Steve Allen, who plays piano, bass tuba and slide trombone, is well-qualified to extend hospitality to amateur songwriters who compete for the panel's approval and a cash prize as well as song publication.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6

The select, elect songs of the week sung and acted by cheerful Snooky Lanson, Eileen Wilson, Dorothy Collins and the Hit Paraders with Raymond Scott's orchestra.

1:00 P.M. Take Another Look • 2

Full-hour playback of preceding day's biggest college football games with analysis.

4:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4

Martha Rountree, ex-news reporter, moderates as Lawrence Spivak and newsmen interview prominent men on controversial subjects.

4:30 P.M. Zoo Parade • 4

R. Marlin Perkins, director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, parades his animals before the camera with commentary both intriguing and amusing for the whole family.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30 P.M.)

The magic of the circus and all of its thrills with Claude Kirchner whistling in center ring performers. Featured: bandmaster Mary Hartline, clowns Cliffy, Scampy, Nicky.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4

Rootin' tootin', rough ridin' adventure starring Bill Boyd, who also edits *The Trooper*, published for the small fry.

6:30 P.M. Star of the Family • 2

Husband and wife team, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, interview relatives of stars of the entertainment world and the stars themselves perform for you.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2

The cowboy troubador and his horse Champion in Western shoot-em-ups. (Champion alone gets about a thousand fan letters a month.)

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6

The grand old maestro with sparkling entertainment that includes baritone Earl Wrightson, songstress Maureen Cannon and Frank Westbrook's spectacular dance group.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6

Superb variety, hosted by Clifton Fadiman, with witticisms by panelists: Sam Levenson and playwright George S. Kaufman.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4

Jesters to the nation, great comedy stars of the country take a weekly turn at this big hour, including Eddie Cantor, Martin and Lewis, Abbott and Costello and others.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2

Fred Waring, who as a boy conducted Sunday night musicals in his own home, presents a magnificent hour of music and dance.

9:00 P.M. Philco TV Playhouse • 4 & 6

Brilliantly produced dramas with adaptations of non-fiction as well as contemporary novels.

9:30 P.M. The Plainclothesman • 5

One of TV's top mysteries with Ken Lynch, the camera's eye, acting, speaking and thinking as a viewer. Assisted by Jack Orrison as Sergeant Brady.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6

Under the saue direction of Conrad Nagel, guest celebrities team up with lyric soprano Jane Willson and Yale football coach Herman Hickman for a tabloid quiz.

10:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4

Red, once a circus clown, rollicks through 30 minutes of gags. Filmed in Hollywood.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2

John Daly moderates as panelists Dorothy Kilgallen, Hal Block and Arlene Francis try to guess contestants' occupations.

10:30 P.M. Leave It to the Girls • 4

Fashionable Maggi McNellis tries to preclude mayhem as regulars Eloise McElhone and Florence Pritchett massacre one male guest, defending the masculine viewpoint.

CHRISTMAS-RECORD BUYING

(Continued from page 68) out—one with Jimmy Stewart doing "Winnie, the Pooh," and another with Charles Laughton reading "A Christmas Carol." Myself, I think about the cutest Christmas novelty I ever did hear was Spike Jones doing "All I Want For Christmas Are My Two Front Teeth"—it seems to go on year after year.

Now for the women in my life—my wife and my mother and let me not forget my mother-in-law. A couple of traditional songs like the one Bing Crosby did for Decca of "White Christmas." And I might throw in a few choirs singing carols, such as the Capitol release by the Boys' Town Choir. Ken Carson did some new versions, too, of all-time favorites—"Silent Night," "Away In A Manger," "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear." I also recommend Bible-tone's LP of "The Messiah" by Handel, as sung by the Augustana College Chorus. And Perry Como does a mighty fine rendition of "Ave Maria."

FOR ANY young folks who might be running parties, good dance music with vocals is always welcome with open arms. Jan Garber put out a new album of "Sweet and Lovely." Or, they might like "Dance to the Music of Jerry Gray." Of course, for music with a mood, there's Rexford's LP, "Colors by Greene," featuring "Blue Moon," "Black Magic."

You know, I'm gettin' a little confused with this list. I think I'll just head down to a nearby record shop where I can find a lot of favorites that almost anybody wants to own. And you could do the same. Maybe you'd want to get a new LP "Jazz Concert" by Eddie Condon, that plays for about a half hour. Or the new "Rodgers and Hart Songbook." And for good court-in' music, you just can't beat Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust"—ah, memories of my prom days. Something real pretty is "Ella Sings Gershwin"—that's Ella Fitzgerald. Of course, if you've got high-tone friends, get them some classical stuff.

With Christmas such a big holiday for the kids, here's an idea—the Children's Record Guild has separate record plans for children of various age groups. It's said to be approved by many Boards of Education. The idea is to stimulate the children and encourage them to join in the action of songs—and give them music and stories that they can use in playing with other kids. There's the classic "Cinderella"—presented as a musical play in four acts—music by Prokofieff—and the story enacted with a sprinkling of songs. "The Carrot Seed" is both teaching and fun, all about nature—entertainingly it tells how to plant a carrot seed and watch it grow—at the same time, the record highlights different musical instruments so that the youngsters begin to recognize them.

Ah me, thoughts of Christmas and all the fun of giving just make me perk up all over. But I can't help worrying about those folks who think that Christmas comes but once a year. The way my mother brought me up, it comes 365 days a year. Why, every day is Christmas—love and the spirit of giving make it so.

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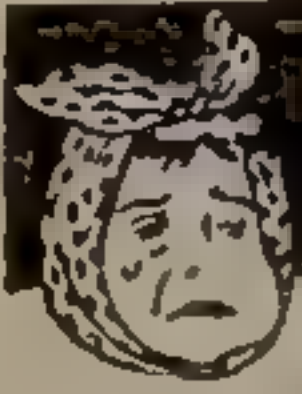
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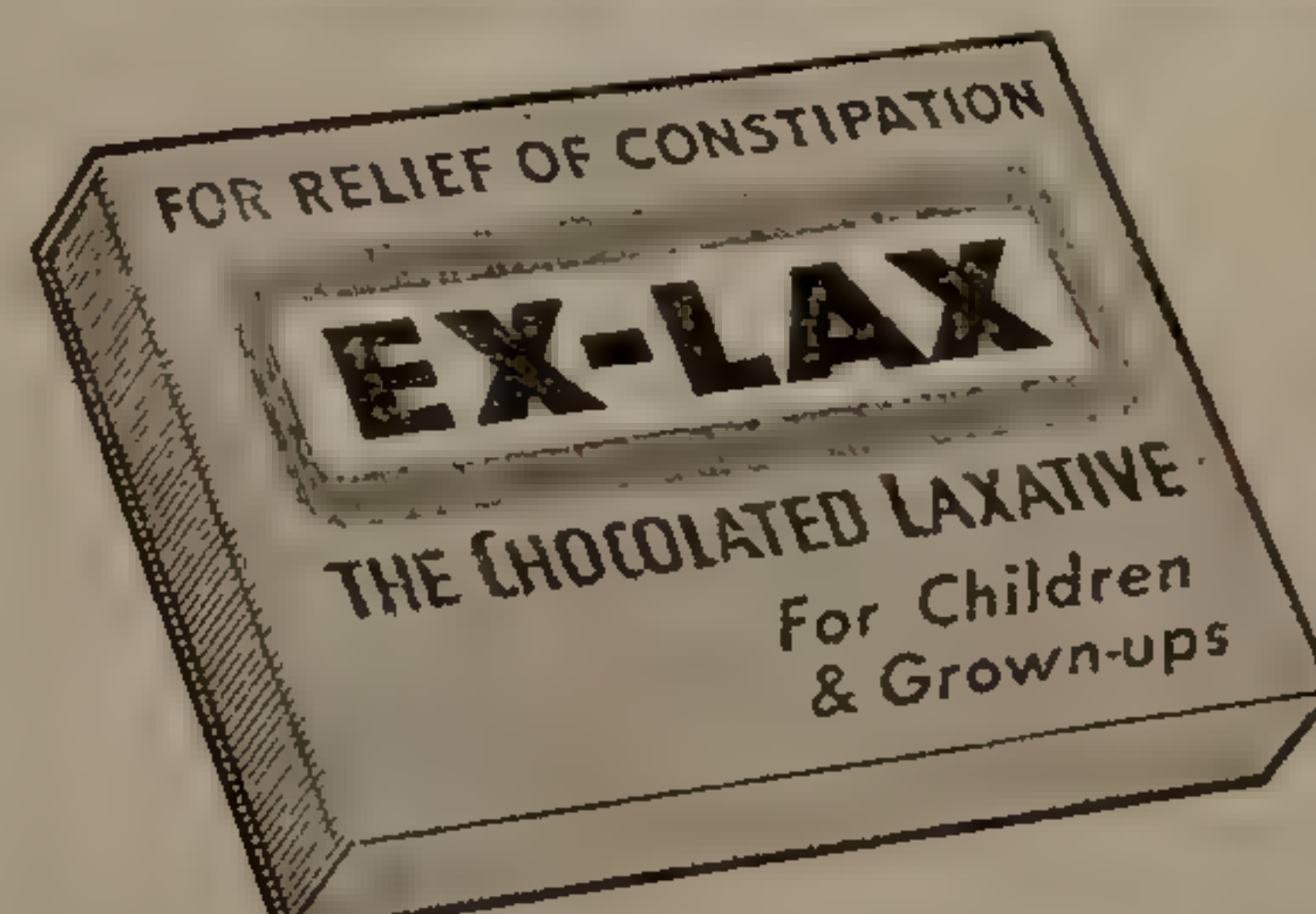
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WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

(Continued from page 30) That was my first lesson in the meaning of Christmas—but only the first. A month later, my father called me behind the counter and pointed to a basket full of groceries.

"Jack, I want you to run an errand," he said. "Take this over to Mrs. Howerth."

Showing off my awareness of business methods, I asked, "Credit or cash?"

"Neither," he said. "Just give it to her."

"Christmas has passed," I said.

"No, Jack," he taught me, "charity is a year-round proposition."

Christmas, itself, he explained later, is not the one day of the year when we are kind and helpful. The day itself is but the reaffirmation in our belief of goodwill toward men. And he went on to talk about those three other words we hear so much this time of year, "peace on earth."

TODAY, as at no other period in my lifetime, I think people throughout the world desire peace. And this is the way my father explained it to me, "Peace is achieved through goodwill. One comes before the other. We cannot teach peace, but we can teach and practice goodwill. And when goodwill is universal, there can be no war."

I have tried to carry this spirit over in my own home, with my children and my wife, Margo. We live well outside New York City, an hour's ride, in an old reconverted farmhouse at Yorktown Heights. Our children range from the age of four—Molly—to twenty—Carol. In between there are eight-year-old John and sweet-sixteen Shirley.

It's the opinion of Margo and me that you just don't tell children what to do, you show them. You set an example. Our oldest daughter, Carol, during the past year embarked on as much social work as school permitted. She was active in child guidance with the Henry Street Foundation, and also gave of her time to help youngsters at the New York *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Camp. Now, I think Margo was a great inspiration to Carol. Margo has a good heart, a full heart, as do most other people. And Margo puts her goodwill into actual deeds. Throughout the year she is full of Yuletide spirit, working hard in the Twigs, an organization setup to aid local hospitals, not merely with fund raising but the making of bandages, repairing of sheets and various hospital supplies.

"It just isn't enough to *be* good," I've heard Margo tell the children. "You must *do* good. You must work at it, and when you do, others follow suit."

The great majority of people have an untapped greatness—and when I say greatness, I mean the capacity to contribute to the betterment of their fellow men. On my radio show we have many times given hundreds of thousands of Americans the opportunity to perform acts of goodwill, and each time they have responded. They sent two tons of Christmas cards to a leper colony. They came to the aid of a hospital for unwed mothers, supervised by the Salvation Army of Pittsburgh. They filled a warehouse fifty feet high, seventy-five feet wide and the length of a football field with clothing for the World Church

Service. I tell my children of these things because I want them to know that the inhumanity in this world is overbalanced by humanity.

Year 'round my children contribute to the aid of a needy family we have adopted in Europe. They do this with money saved from their allowances and their earnings at chores. Money for gifts comes from the same source. I tell them, "If you yearn for it, you must earn for it."

"I've got nothing to give," little Molly cried.

"Sure you have," Johnny told her.

"But it's not as good as what you're giving."

"Everyone has something to give," Johnny said. "Get Dad to read you the poem."

It's a poem that has a lot to say, written and sent to me by a listener, Florence C. Phillips. I like it for my family for I don't want them ever to confuse giving with money and gifts. And this is the poem, titled, "Nothing to Give."

I have nothing to give,
The little old lady bowed her head,
But that night she sat
By a sick child's bed.
She bathed a hot brow
And smoothed the cover.
She gave hours of rest
To a poor tired mother.

I have nothing to give,
Said a mother whose son
Had given his life
That peace might be won.
But she visited his buddies
Still on hospital beds.
There were letters to write
And books to be read.
They laughed and joked
And games they played.
Life seemed a little brighter
With each visit she made.

I have nothing to give.
He was old and feeble, nor could he see,
But he loved the children
And they climbed on his knee.
With their faces upturned and eyes all aglow,
He told them a story of long, long ago,
When the hopes of the world were centered that day,
'Round a babe in a manger, cradled in hay,
Who gave to the world neither silver nor gold,
But faith, hope and joy to those men of old.
The need is as great today as 'twas then,
For love and compassion in the hearts of men.

That's the poem I read to Molly, for I want Molly to look forward to the excitement of Christmas. It is a day that we try to make important and full of happiness, a celebration for all of the good things that have happened in the past year and that will come in the new.

In our home the holiday starts on Christmas Eve, for the children get so much fun out of trimming the tree that we make it a family affair. Of course, no one would think of spoiling the excitement by opening a gift before morning.

So when the tree is decked out with bulbs and tinsel and ornaments, the children go upstairs to sleep.

The morning begins early—always a little too early for adults. I'm the first up, at 5:00 A.M., for I have a small family custom to observe, that concerns a gilded bird that's been in the family for years. It's a small, inexpensive ornament, but when I was a youngster my parents always hid it somewhere on the tree. Before any gifts were opened, we always looked for the bird. Finding it signified that it would be a good Christmas and, of course, we always found it.

After I have hung the bird for my children, I wake up Carol and she sneaks down the stairs with me in her pajamas. The others are still sleeping, their heads full of wonderful dreams.

Carol goes to the old Mason & Hamlin organ which we bought secondhand many years ago and had repaired. Christmas officially begins as she wakes the family to the strains of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" and other Yuletide songs.

The children come running down the stairs then, and right behind them are my wife and mother. The youngster who first spots the bird gets the privilege of opening his gift first.

After the gifts are opened, I think the rest of our day is spent much as yours. In the morning we go off to a community church. This is a non-denominational gathering of all religious groups, and fittingly so, for in our neighborhood people of all faiths live in peace and harmony the year 'round.

At dinner time we unfold the huge table that, too, once graced my father's home. Around this gathers the family and as many of our relatives and friends who can join us. In the afternoon we take the children and call on our neighbors, where games are played and carols sung.

At the end of the day, the family is alone again. We sit around the tree, already reminiscing about what happened in the morning and afternoon. The children arrange their gifts in orderly piles under the tree. The gilded bird of happiness shines brighter than ever. And we are all together, happy and contented. Then Carol goes to the organ and again softly plays the songs and carols of Christmas. It is almost as if she didn't want the day to pass.

BUT I see that the children are beginning to nod and I know that in another thirty minutes or so we'll all be going to bed. I then follow through on another family tradition, our Christmas toast. It is a little like a New Year's salutation, to the year ahead, but quite different in content. For us it is a solemn affair, a beautiful and sacred moment.

"The good must do more good," I say. "It is not enough to have intentions. Our duty is to exert ourselves to help others, to spread goodwill and thereby bring us to man's ultimate achievement, peace on earth. Let us pledge ourselves to accomplish this and work at it every day as we have in past years. For this is Christmas and this is what it means to me—the reaffirmation of our faith in man."

COME AND VISIT JOHNNY AND PENNY OLSEN

(Continued from page 46) the key in the front door, Lena raced past us as if she had always owned the place. She practically made herself a Welcoming Committee of One. We may still get a trifle homesick for Keepsake Kove, the little house in Stamford that a RADIO-TV MIRROR reader named for us in the contest last year. But not Lena. She discovered right away that Sunny Ridge has acres of woodland, all of it filled with fascinating new things. We never know what she will bring back or how she'll come out in her encounters with deer and chipmunks, and possibly snakes. One of our very first informal callers was a skunk. Lena was all ready to give him a big welcome, but we noticed in time."

LENA, a frisky, white, French hargis poodle, underscored Johnny's remarks at that point by emerging from the nearby woods and tearing across the lawn, through the grape arbor and out under the fruit trees—apple, pear, peach, plum—and around the vegetable gardens. Her little pouf of upstanding tail was coated with burrs, and a long strand of weed hung rakishly from one ear as she settled herself for a moment at Penny's feet on the wide flagstone terrace at the western end of the house. Then she was off again, to investigate the goldfish pool beyond the terrace, which will soon be enlarged to make a swimming pool big enough for Olsens and company to float around in. The shrubbery behind it will be cut down so that the lovely valley beyond can be better seen from the house, with the hills rising up across the other side.

Penny and Johnny found their new home quite by chance. Keepsake Kove had been mostly an experiment in country living and in commuting in and out of New York for the daily shows. The plan had been to start out in a small house in the country and retain their New York apartment for the days when commuting might be too difficult, but they found themselves going out more frequently to the house for rest and quiet. Finally they decided to make their permanent home away from the city's noisy demands.

This decision made a bigger house a necessity. There were all the heirlooms from Penny's and Johnny's respective families, and each needed a proper setting. Johnny had to have an office with room for files and typewriter and desk. There must be a place to put up guests, and extra baths for their comfort. The Olsens themselves wanted space to spread out comfortably and to get their roots down. They wanted some farm animals. They wanted to eat some things they had planted themselves, to pick fruit from their own trees, berries from their own vines.

Most houses they saw weren't large enough to make moving worthwhile, or were too large for Penny to handle and still have time to work with Johnny on radio and television. Then one day a real estate man told them about this house in



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Greenwich, in the beautiful Yale Farms section, only thirty miles from the city. It wasn't even on the market, but he knew that the owners had been finding it too large for their needs and had said they would be willing to give it up to some other couple who would love it as they did. The Olsens looked at the house in January and by June they'd moved in. It was love at first sight.

The approach to the house is up a tree-shaded road they have privately re-named "Olsen's Lane." As you branch off to the driveway that leads to the fourteen acres of Sunny Ridge, your eye sweeps to the top where the house waits to welcome you. You pass a big garage built right into a rocky hillside, and you visualize what a fine farm workshop it will be when Johnny gets through converting it and adding the rooms above. Past the old Wishing Well you follow a circular driveway to the front door, noticing the symmetrical pine tree that stands alone in the center of the grassy circle. As you drive up you get a glimpse of the big greenhouse out in back where Penny is raising carnations and other flowers and has plans for starting on orchids. (Johnny intends to turn part of it into a solarium for winter sun-bathing!)

Now you see the fine Norman house, made of fieldstones taken from the land on which it stands. The trim is white and brown, the roof is red hand-made Italian tile. At one side is the awning-covered terrace, at the other the dining room and kitchen wing, and an extra bedroom, bath and sitting room suite, in addition to the master bedroom and its two baths.

The massive front door admits you through two stone arches, under antique

lanterns. The huge two-story cathedral living room has the same fieldstone walls that make the outside of the house, giving the room great distinction. All woodwork, including the vaulted ceiling, is a satiny, pinky pine. "An easy house to keep clean," Penny says happily, "with so much stone and natural finish wood. We just turn the vacuum on it."

Everything about this house is big and beautiful, and the fireplace fits into that pattern. The fine wrought iron grate was a house present to Penny and Johnny from the former owners. Keepsakes and heirlooms, like the old wood spinning wheel that came over from Norway with Johnny's mother and had belonged to her great-grandmother, have found their places in the Olsens' new home. The spinning wheel has a place of honor in the living room. The grandfather clock that belonged to the Penningtons of Minneapolis, the family into which Penny's sister married, stands in a corner of the hall that leads to the dining room. The love seat carved by the skilled hands of Penny's great-grandfather is on the balcony at the top of the stairs.

The master bedroom is on this floor too, newly furnished because the people who bought Keepsake Kove asked the Olsens to leave the early American furniture that suited the little house so perfectly. It's a lovely bedroom, done in gray, but when you see the grandeur of Penny's Hollywood dressing room and bath, you're too overwhelmed to notice much else. There's her sunken tub, almost big enough to swim in, entered by descending a curved tile stairway. The sun filters in through a curving glass brick wall. The tile walls in the rest of the room are gray with green trim.

By contrast, Johnny's red and white tile bath-dressing room seems quite ordinary, although it boasts an enclosed glass shower and a fine arrangement of wardrobe space. They both hasten to tell you that the baths are strictly pre-Olsen and such sumptuousness was never dreamed up by them.

On the second floor are guest room and bath and Johnny's big square office. Here the walls are all the same natural wood that is used throughout the house. On Johnny's television set stands the trophy presented by the Illinois State Fair to mark five years of successive personal appearances.

The house abounds with closets, delight of every housekeeper. There are two walk-in cedar closets, and here and there throughout the place there are secret panels in the woodwork that open to reveal extra storage space. The Olsens aren't sure they have discovered them all, and any day they expect to come upon some new place to cache their belongings.

At the back of the house, near the grape arbor, is the barbecue built right into a solid ridge of rock. Ridges like these are scattered around the grounds, making fine settings for Penny's rock gardening.

When the Olsens first moved in, the new neighbors had a welcoming party for them, and they have made some wonderful new friends there. But they're not the kind, of course, to forget the old ones. Folks like Mrs. Syska, for instance, from the old neighborhood, are still close to their hearts, and they still think she bakes the best apple pies ever. Only now Mrs. Syskas' apples can be picked right from the trees of Sunny Ridge Farm, in such abundance that there aren't pies enough to hold them!

"I CERTAINLY HAD IT GOOD!"

(Continued from page 47) Uncle Nick was the man who ran the Children's Hour on WMBC.

I certainly had it good. I auditioned one Saturday morning and went right on the air for Uncle Nick a half-hour later! Then I began to get very serious about music. I was eleven, and for four years I had a weekly radio appearance. I still helped Pop in the store and went to school.

But when I was almost fifteen I thought my career was ruined. It was one of those adolescent tragedies which are funny to an adult but agonizing to a kid. The Saturday radio program was going on as usual. I was singing as usual. The song, which I will never forget, was "I'm Laughing." Well, I didn't laugh. My voice changed right in the middle of the song.

I'd always wanted to be a tenor when I grew up, but after my voice adjusted itself I settled for the life of a baritone. As I got my voice back, my seriousness about music increased. When I was sixteen I added a paper route to my other duties, to finance my lessons in tap dancing, piano and voice at the Detroit Conservatory.

Mind you, from the time I was eleven until I was nineteen I never got paid for singing, except with experience. Finally I got two breaks. WXYZ, another Detroit station, started to give me three dollars a week carfare. Then they gave me, as a

raise, a part in the Lone Ranger. AFRA, the radio actors' union came through about then, and I got my first pay.

Acting interested me, but acting wasn't what I wanted to do. Music came first. I began to organize a harmony group which I called the Downbeats.

Finally the real break came. Bob Crosby played a one-nighter in Detroit. He heard us. He auditioned us. He liked us, and engaged the group for his band! Bob changed our name to the Bob O'Links and we toured with him for a year.

When the Crosby band, plus the Bob O'Links, got a few hundred miles away from Detroit, the girl member in our quartet suffered from an acute attack of homesickness—so acute that she begged to go back to Detroit. We had to let her go. At every stand thereafter we'd audition local talent and pull a girl in for a day or two. However, we found no regular replacement until we reached Salt Lake City. There Bob and I both decided that we must have a permanent replacement before we reached the West Coast. Several Salt Lake City girls came to audition. Ruth Keddington was one of them.

I thought she wasn't quite right for the unit. Oh, she was okay as a singer, and her musicianship was good, but I thought her voice too light for the combination.

Ruth knew that I thought she was the

wrong singer for the quartet. She resented the fact that I tried to prevent her from getting the job and I resented the fact that she got the job when I thought she shouldn't. For four months Ruth and I, when we looked at each other at all, glanced icily and made snide remarks.

It was Bob Crosby's birthday that changed everything. Late in the summer of 1940 the gang decided to throw a surprise party for Bob out on Catalina Island. In case you don't know, if you want romance in big doses just go to Catalina. Somehow the air and the beauty of the place softened us up. Ruth decided, and I agreed, that we had never really given each other a chance. Out there on Catalina we each found that the other wasn't too bad. Pretty nice. *Awfully* nice!

After a year or so with Crosby I decided to come to New York and see what I could do about cracking the big city. Ruth went back to Salt Lake City to wait until I had cracked it. She never thought for a moment that I wouldn't succeed. I never told her until after we were married, how lonely, how completely discouraged—and how awful broke—I was.

Finally a letter of mine came home to roost. I'd written to Gene Krupa requesting an audition for the vocal spot with Gene's band. Toward the end of 1941 I landed the job, and I began to feel set.

All this time Ruth and I had been corresponding frantically. We usually wrote twice a day to each other. Of course there were long distance calls galore. Eventually our hopes got to the crystallization point. Gene started for the coast to make a picture and to fill an engagement at the Palladium in Hollywood. We played one-night stands all the way out and, miraculously enough, Salt Lake City was one.

Ruth and I had a few hours together in Salt Lake City, but five minutes would have been enough. We knew then that our interest in each other was permanent and that our love was real.

When I got back to New York with Krupa and the band three months later I made the big decision and sent for Ruth. It was Christmas week and I was singing at the Paramount with Krupa. We were doing seven shows a day—hardly time enough left for one to even think of getting married. But on the first of January, 1942—in between shows—we got a cab and a license. I just signed the license and dashed back for my next show.

RUTH and I were married in Yonkers, January 3rd, after the last show at the Paramount. We had planned on being married January 2nd, and told the reluctant Justice of the Peace that we would surely be in his study before midnight. The J. P. was cold about a midnight wedding, but he was even colder when we got there at 1:30 A.M. None of us knew where Yonkers was and we got lost several times. We rang the bell and the Justice came down. Ruth almost burst into tears. She told me later that she had never seen anyone so angry in her life. A very inauspicious beginning for a marriage, she thought. After that, for a good many months, we lived the typical orchestra man's life. And that was followed by a typical Army enlisted man's life.

Then, of course, for fifteen months Ruth and I were separated completely. That was during the time when I was in Europe with Glen Miller's band.

When the band got back to the States I felt I'd better look around. Ruth and I wanted to have a baby, and for that we needed money. I was discharged on November 23, 1945, and on November 24, I started on my first job. The Teen-Timers Saturday morning show on NBC, heard from coast to coast. On December 7th, I started a three weeks' run at the Strand Theatre in New York, and at the same time I got my first contract with a major record company. On the last day of my stay at the Strand, I was signed for the Philip Morris Frolics show which went on the air January 22, 1946. This was followed by scores of successful theatre, club and radio appearances.

Currently I have a very happy schedule with Don McNeill's Breakfast Club on ABC every morning five days a week and on Don McNeill's TV Club weekly as well. My "C'est Si Bon", "Picnic Song", "Just Say I Love Her" and other MGM Records have helped my career tremendously.

Ruth now finds herself quite busy at home with Diane and Patty, ages four and two, at our Chicago apartment. But her hand still plays an important part in my career, for Ruth and I still learn constantly from each other.



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Daytime diary



AUNT JENNY Once again Aunt Jenny has a story to tell about the Davises, when George, retiring at fifty-one, decides to enter politics, not realizing that he is merely being used by the corrupt incumbent party to keep a young, capable newcomer from becoming Mayor of Littleton. It is almost too late when George finally sees how to remedy his error. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Once again the schemes of wealthy Rupert Barlow escape exposure. Young Dora Dean, Hollywood starlet lying ill at the Noble home, tries to convince Mary and Larry that Rupert is bent on breaking up their marriage. Dora even offers proof, but because of her illness Mary and Larry conclude that she is merely delirious. Will Rupert's plan succeed? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Understandably enough, Dr. John Wayne is resentful when young Dr. Philip Marlowe is named director of the Health Centre over his head. Unfortunately Marlowe is not the most tactful of men. But even John's wife, Ruth, is surprised and delighted when Marlowe pays sincere tribute to John's work. Will their professional respect lead to a friendly relationship? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY Housekeeper Fran-ny's alert eyes and ears keep her well aware of all the ins and outs of life with the Dennis family. But trouble with Babby is one thing she never expected. Is there something going on in Babby's high school set which she isn't experienced enough to figure out? Has being a minister's daughter kept Babby too innocent? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL A manicurist inherits a fortune—and almost at once reporter David Farrell is involved in "The Little Blue Hat Murder Case." A battle which begins when a hat-shop owner accuses the manicurist of being the wrongful heir, ends when the hat-shop owner is killed. David and wife Sally become entangled in a dope racket before they solve the murder. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Bill Bauer decides that, in spite of his difficulties with Bertha, he does not want to divorce her for Gloria. And then Gloria, dramatically and without intending to, forces the issue. Meanwhile Meta also is in the position of having her hand forced by the insistent opposition of her new husband's teen-age daughter. Will Cathy ever become reconciled to Meta? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Is Julie Paterno, supervisor of Hilltop House, tackling too complex a job when she tries to straighten out the seething emotional battle over a talented child musician? Will the child be better off in the care of the millionaire patron of the arts who is prepared to finance his career, or should Julie use her influence to help the child's grandparents to retain his custody? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL The familiar mistake of a woman who devotes herself to her child to the exclusion of her husband—that is the situation Bill Davidson tries to straighten out when he gets his daughter Nancy to help him advise Elise Richards. Elise's husband Guy, lonely because of Elise's concentration on their daughter Marjorie, falls a prey to scheming Joy Allen. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

KING'S ROW Rex Belsen is the sort of man who, having found a chance of making a little easy money, is not likely to let it go without a fight. Randy and Dr. Parris Mitchell will not find it easy to get Belsen out of their lives. However, Belsen, himself, is vulnerable because of the marriage to Rena which both of them tried to conceal. Will Rex allow himself to be blackmailed? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL The death of Colonel Bell, which brought Chichi's friend Barry Markham into dreadful danger, is finally cleared up when Barry's mother-in-law confesses her part in it. Acquitted of intent to murder, Mrs. Perry Potter Jones is touched by Barry's forgiveness. Meanwhile, Dr. Markham is trying to sell his estate to be used as a clinic. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY Sydney MacKenzie finds herself frightened and alone, facing a problem that may have no decision—the problem of which of two men she really loves. Lansing's reappearance, long after he was given up for dead, naturally reestablishes her as his wife. But what of Wolfe Bennet, who loves her? Is Lansing right when he insists that she always loved Wolfe? M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

LORENZO JONES It's not the first time Lorenzo has promised to give up inventing and concentrate on his job at Jim Barker's garage. Jim and Lorenzo's wife, Belle, are more or less resigned when this promise, too, goes by the board as Lorenzo, after saving the life of a young girl, finds himself embroiled in a new project, developing luminous wax. Will this make his fortune? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Is Spencer going to go willingly out of Fay's life? It's no longer hard for Fay to contemplate giving him up, for there are too many important matters on which they do not see eye to eye. Besides that, there is Tom Wells, and more and more Fay realizes that Tom is very important to her. But Spencer Grayson is a persuasive man. And he isn't used to losing a fight. M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

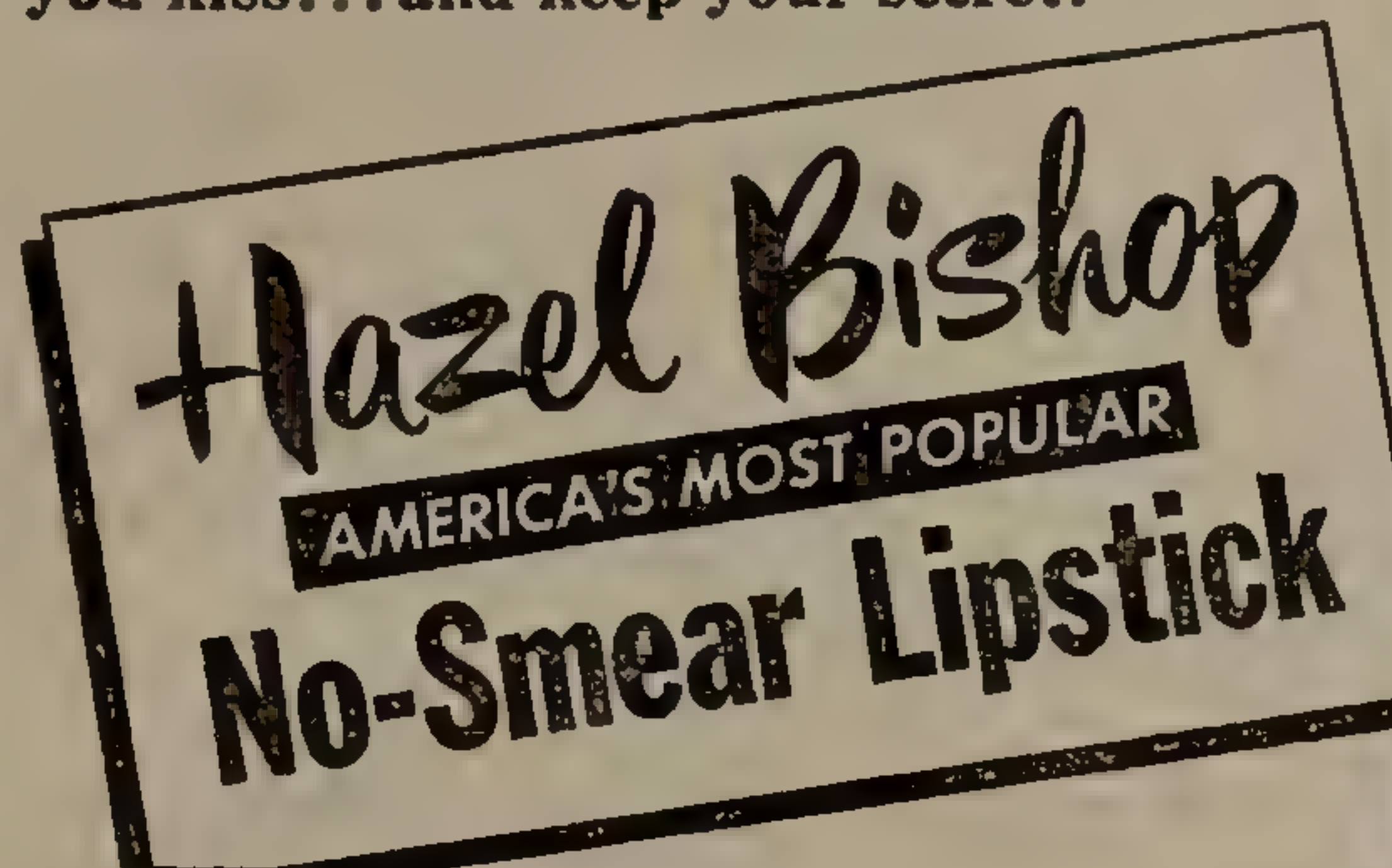
OUR GAL SUNDAY Many years before Lord Henry Brinthrope married her, Sunday knew and liked young Craig Norwood. But Craig's presence now in Fairbrooke, where the Brinthropes have their estate, has become embarrassing to Sunday, for Craig does not seem to realize that Sunday is in love with her husband. Will Craig leave before he causes real tragedy? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Worried about Linda, Pepper wonders how he can convince her that her devotion to little Edie, the daughter of Edith and Andy, is reaching a point of danger to her own emotional stability. Then when Edith and Andy disappear during a storm, Linda is frightened when she realizes she has been hoping for some way to keep Edie with her. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

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Daytime diary

PERRY MASON Marcel Blanc's plan for getting control of Dorry and her fortune is so good that by the time he has managed to imprison Dorry and her mother, May Grant, in a hotel room he can practically count his ill-gotten gains. But day by day Perry Mason approaches closer to a solution of the whole complex tangle through which Dorry's custody became so important. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn knows that she ought to be very happy, for Skippy is with her and she and Miles are married, and Miles' position as governor has brought him all the honor he worked for. But she does not realize that her vague uneasiness is well-founded because powerful Annette Thorpe has every intention of disrupting her relationship with Miles. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Because she is young, Jocelyn McLeod does not suffer the emotional doubts that afflict Dr. Jim Brent when he realizes he is fighting his love for her. Jocelyn has no fear for the future. But Jim married once, and he doesn't have the faith and optimism that Jocelyn's youth provides her with. Would Jocelyn make an ideal stepmother for little Janey? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Now that Molly Lou Mallory has become a child picture star, the plotting of her relations becomes clearer to Helen Trent and lawyer Gil Whitney. In possession of proof of Hadley Butler's wrongdoing, Gil prevents Hadley from filing suit for Molly Lou's custody. The proof is stolen. Can Gil and Helen raise money to buy it back? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Blanche Wheatherby's death may have ruined forever the lives of Rosemary and Bill Roberts, as Bill is held for Blanche's murder. In her efforts to help Bill, Rosemary's friend, Blondie, has made certain statements to the police which they can easily disprove with the help of some new evidence. But Blanche's father is not likely to stand by, while Blondie is in trouble. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan, after suffering a stroke, learns he must lead an invalid's life for some time. To preserve the family's independence Terry enters on a new career, designing for a Page Sandry theatrical production. Terry doesn't know she is going from the frying pan into the fire when she hires mysterious Mala Sinclair as Stan's nurse-companion. M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella and her daughter Laurel, after a harrowing period, are rescued by police from imprisonment in a mysterious house in the country. Stella knows that her friend Minnie Grady is still in deadly danger from the smooth-talking decorator, Ben Jasper. Now that she knows the extent of his ruthlessness she is fearful that she may not warn Minnie in time. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS As Evelyn's guardian, Gary Bennet feels justified in warning her against the friendship of Bruce Holliday. But Evelyn, in turn, is quite as concerned over Gary's hopeless affection for actress Cecily Lockwood. Even after he discovers that Cecily deceived him as to her marital status—Gary cannot cut himself off from her. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, ABC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora Drake never expected that her love for Dr. Robert Seargent would add to his troubles. But Robert's fourteen-year-old daughter Grace, afraid that Nora will prevent the reconciliation she had always hoped for between her divorced parents, becomes the deciding factor, when they learn she may not recover from injuries received in an auto accident. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN What kind of future lies ahead for Wendy and Mark Douglas, with the knowledge of Mark's European marriage to Roseanna keeping them apart? Is Roseanna really the lonely young refugee she appears to be? Or is there a reason apart from her marriage that brings her to America? Mark finds relief from his emotional dilemma in his playwrighting. M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES All of Joan Davis's married life she has contended with the interference of her mother, who at first disapproved of Joan's marriage. Lately, however, Harry's success leads Mrs. Field to the decision that he is worth expert guidance—hers. Will Joan suffer a lifetime of self-reproach for the last quarrel she and her mother ever have? M-F, 11:15 AM EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Day by day Mr. and Mrs. James Carter learn the lesson of parents—that they cannot live their children's lives. Jeff, the oldest, has won his right to an individual life, and even Virginia now makes important decisions without consulting him. But what of Sandy, whose young husband has only grudgingly accepted the Carters' wedding gift of a house? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Mary Browne is probably making the biggest mistake of her young life when she attacks Lucia Standish. Now that she knows how to hurt both Mary and Jerry, Lucia is not likely to pull her punches. Meanwhile, in Three Oaks, Anne Malone and Sam Williams try to cushion the blow for Crystal when her marriage to Sam's son Gene falls apart. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Who is Dr. Jonathan Luther—and why is Myra Bishop so eager to have him established in Dr. Anthony Loring's place at the hospital? Is Luther entitled to the "Dr." he places before his name? Ellen Brown has incurred Myra's enmity by refusing to interfere in a family problem. Will Ellen's efforts to protect her fiancé, Anthony, enrage Myra? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

KUKLAPOLITAN CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 44) know what I ever did to deserve it . . ." She started primping like mad. "My goodness, I hope I didn't look like this when I met with the committee."

My patience was getting short. "What committee?" I asked.

Buelah smirked. "That nice State Street Council committee. The one on Christmas decorations. They've asked me to assist."

This was Buelah's moment and she made the most of it. "Well, dears, it seems last year they had a little trouble hanging the evergreen garlands across the street. Stretching wires and dodging cars was quite a nuisance. I just offered to enlist the girls from Witch Normal. We'll just fly back and forth across the street, two girls to a garland, using our regular freight brooms. Easy. Easy as pie."

GOING over to the piano where he'd set his typewriter, Ollie stared out into space. Then he began writing fast, his tooth flashing over the keys. Finishing, he asked for a stamp and an envelope, addressed it and hurried to the mail chute.

It was just two weeks later when who should arrive in the studio but our boss's brother, Dick Tillstrom, his wife, Miriam, and their family. They'd come all the way from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A visit from them is always an occasion, for there's a close bond of affection between all members of the Tillstrom family, and we Kuklapolitans are just wild about the kids. We all clustered around remarking that Susan, now thirteen, is turning into quite a young lady, and that Richie, nine, is wiry, quick, and into everything. The big thrill, however, came when Miriam set fifteen-month-old Bevan down on the floor and Bevan stood up all by herself.

Dick shook hands all around, but he kept his coat on. Turning to Burr, he said, "Well, I got it. It's out on the car."

Frankly puzzled, Burr looked at him blankly. "You've got what?"

It was Dick's turn to stare. "Why, the Christmas tree. You asked for it."

Ollie interrupted. Thrusting his head between the two brothers, he winked.

Dick caught on first. "Oh, so it was you, Ollie. I might have known that wasn't Burr's typing. Bad as his is, he at least doesn't shift back and forth between the red and black ribbon."

Burr was horrified. "Ollie, you didn't! Well, obviously you did. Let's have it."

Mr. Dragon obliged. "I've heard your father tell how, when he was a little boy and Michigan was big timber country, he used to go out into the woods around Benton Harbor, cut his own Christmas tree and bring it home through the snow. My folks did the same thing in Dragon Retreat, Vermont. So I thought it would be nice if this year . . . well, it's here."

From the look on the faces of the two brothers, I knew Ollie was forgiven. I also had the feeling that everyone was thinking things which were difficult to put into words. Things about the love members of a family hold for each other, love which increases with separation, and how Christ-

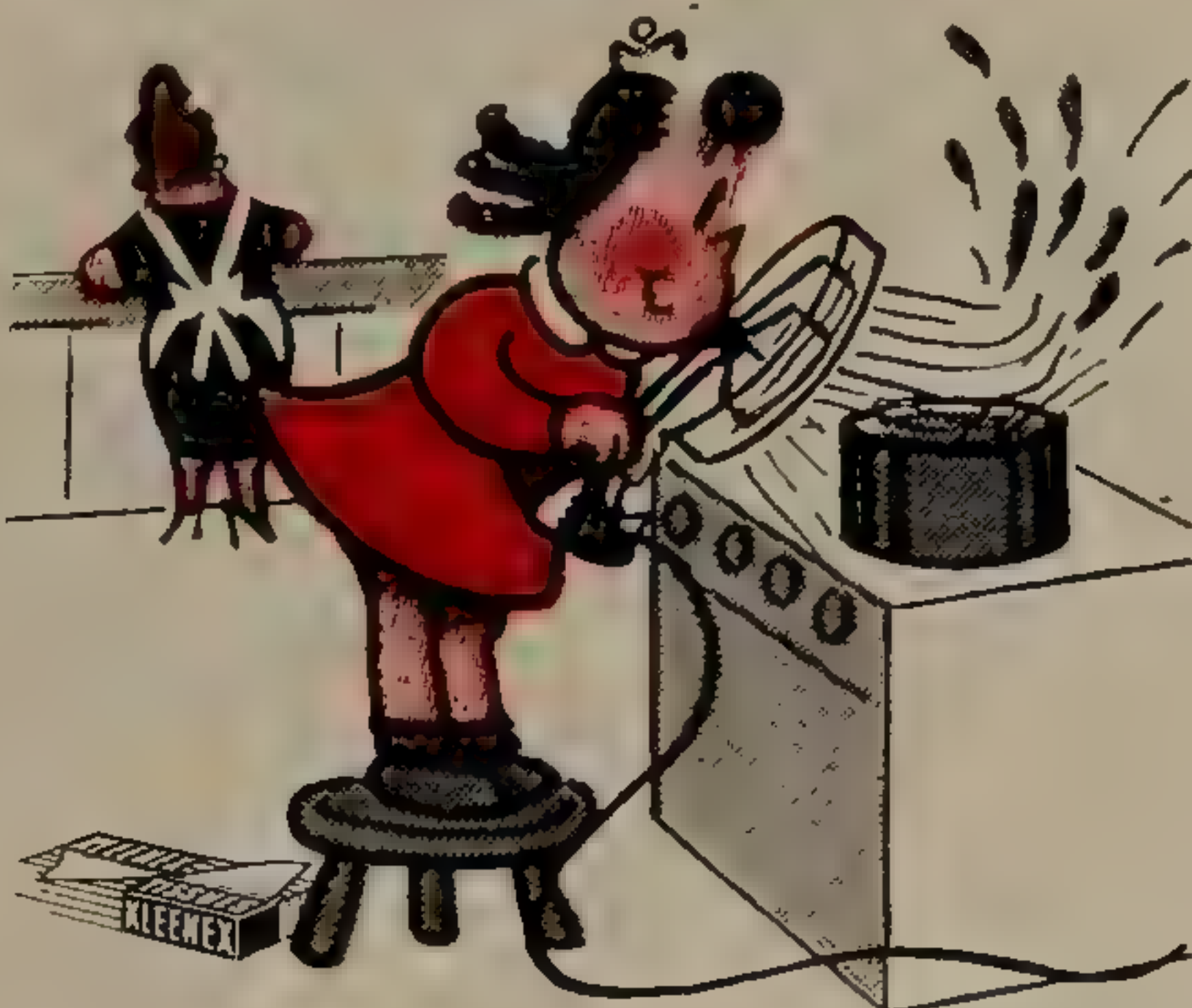
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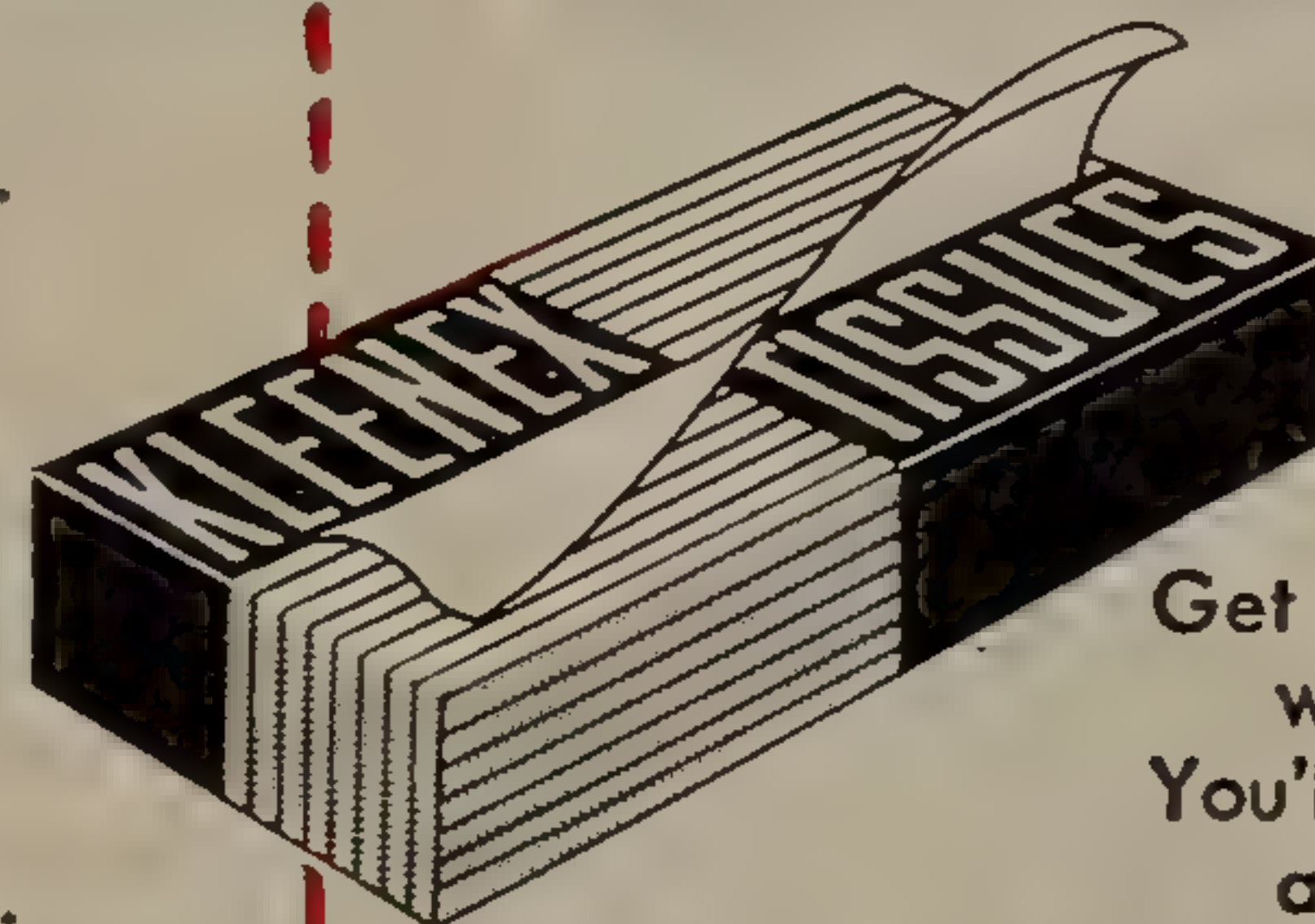
Why bother basting? Fold hem to right length and fasten with bobby pins, every few inches. Saves work; time. Like Kleenex—the handy tissue with a "zillion" uses. Gentle, pure, you won't find any weak spots or hard particles in Kleenex.

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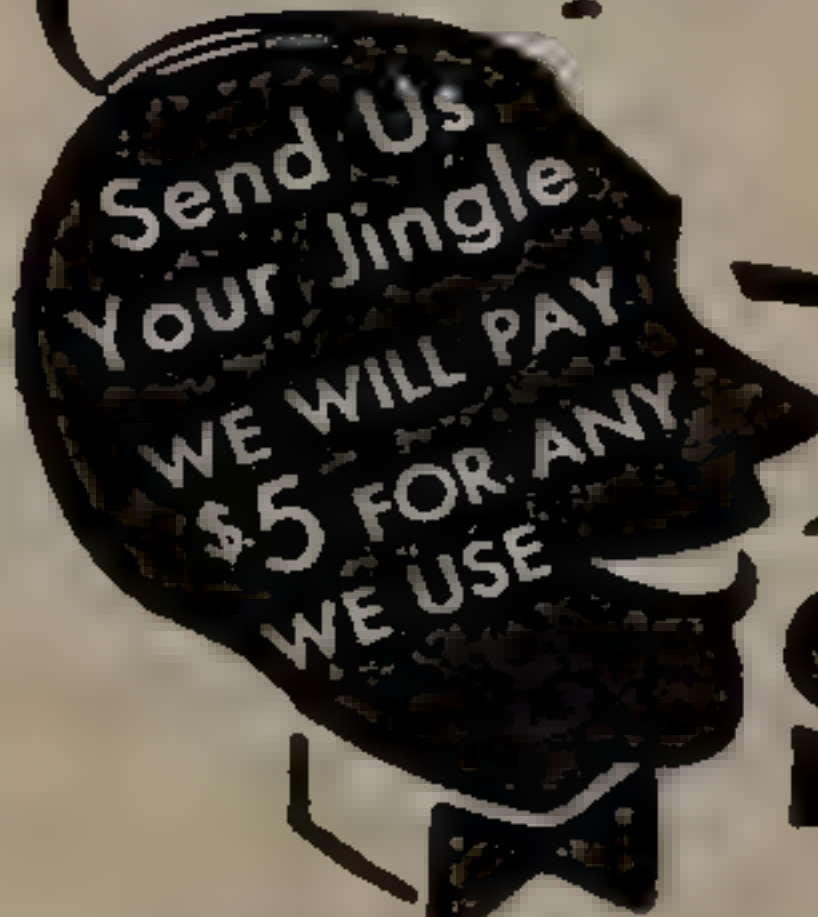
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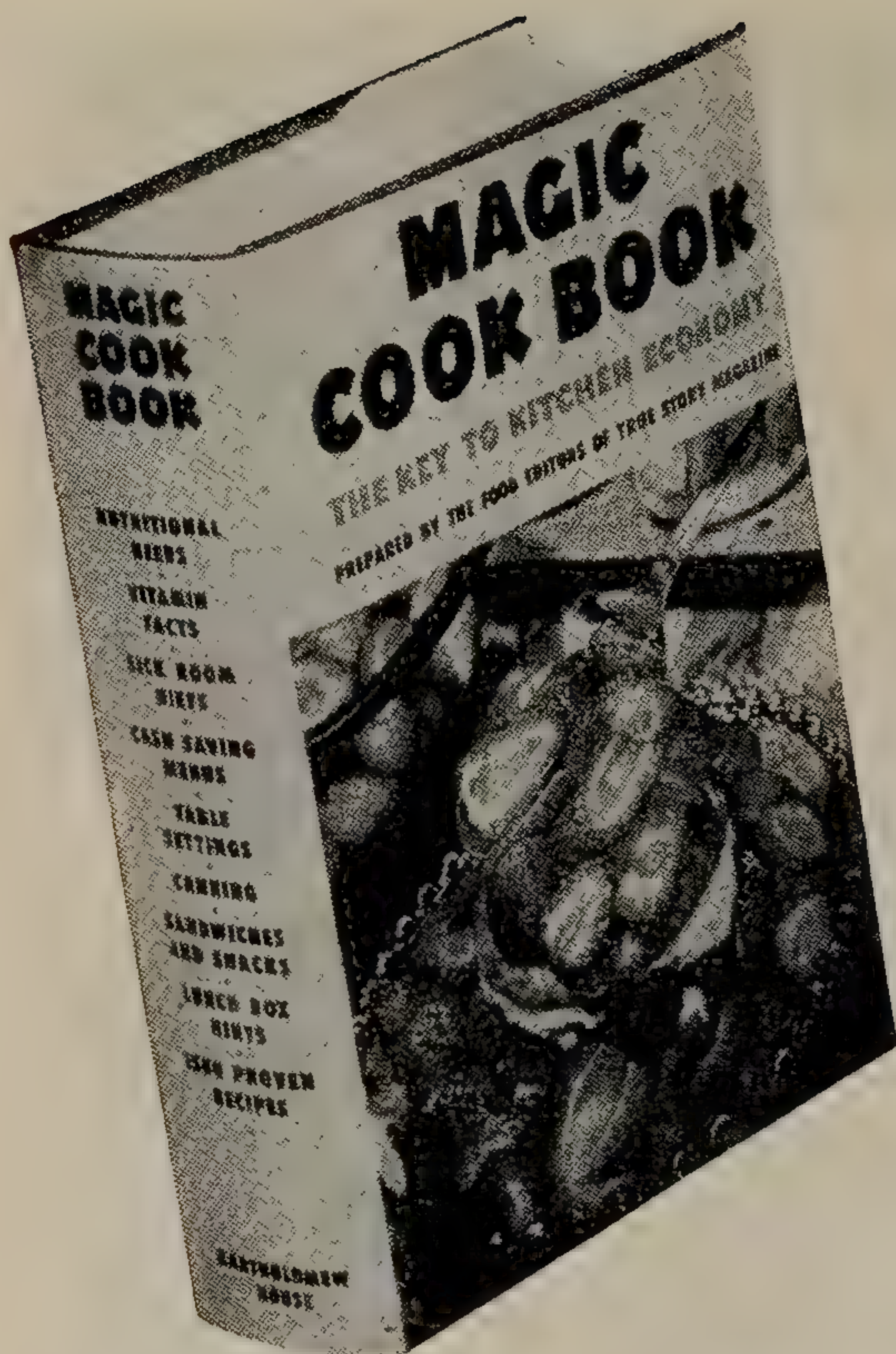
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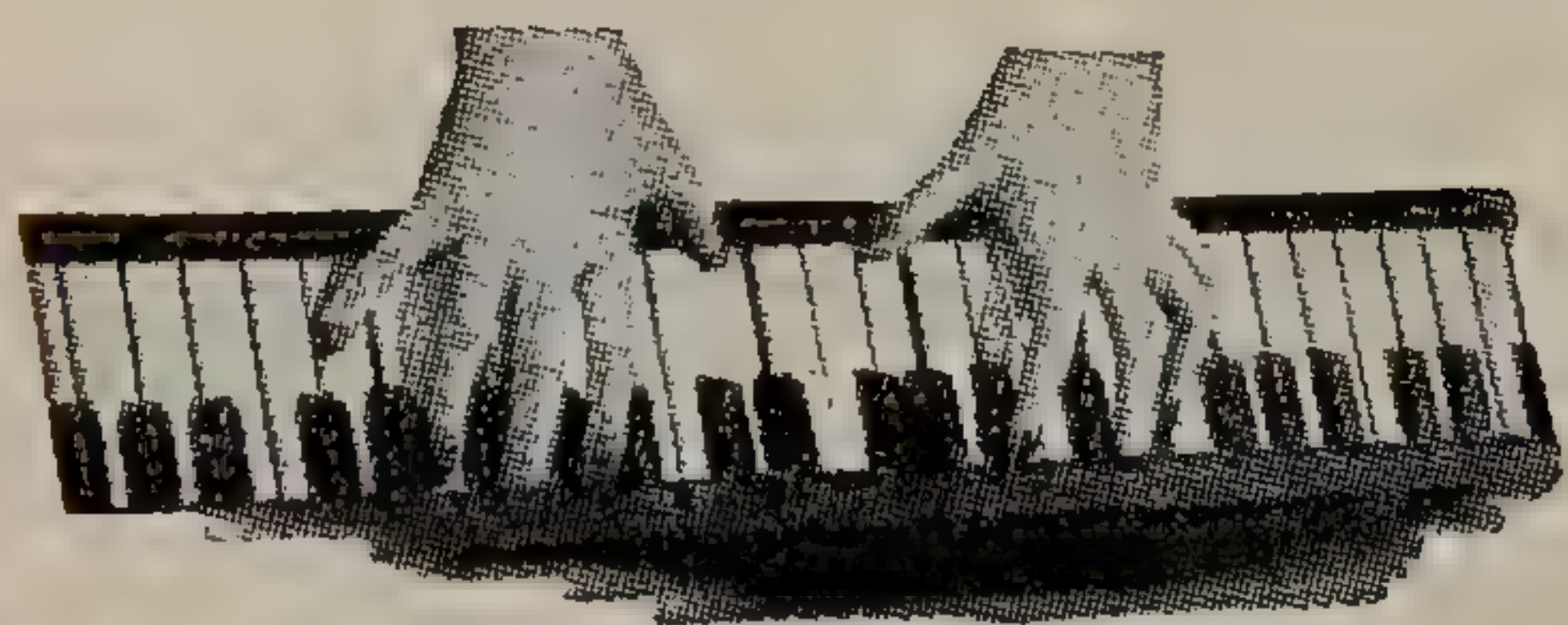
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mas gives people a chance to show it in such wonderful sentimental ways as Dick driving all that distance to bring us our tree.

Burr said, "You went to an awful lot of trouble."

Dick said, "It was fun. We hunted up one of Dad's old friends and went out to his timber land together. I'm just sorry we had to bring it down so early. However, since Christmas comes on a Tuesday and you have a show to do, we knew you couldn't come to our place. On the other hand, we didn't dare wait any longer and take a chance on the weather."

Miriam added, "It was the prettiest one we could find. It stood all alone in a clearing. I'm just sorry we can't stay to see it trimmed."

It was our Fran who came up with a happy solution. "Burr," she said, "What if it is early? Why don't we all get together and trim the tree tonight? If it goes up now, we'll have the spirit of Christmas just that much longer."

BURR got that look in his eye which means he's thought of something. "Great," he approved. "Let's ask our mothers to get a little party together—just hamburgers and popcorn. You phone your Nan, and I'll phone our Alice."

What those two wonderful mothers can do when they get their heads together is really terrific. An hour later Alice Tillstrom called back to announce, "Nan and I are at the coach house. The turkey is in the oven. It's not as big as the one Fred Waring sent from his farm last year, but there's plenty. Invite everyone."

When we got home later, enticing smells greeted us, and down the stairs Mother Tillstrom called, "Hurry up, there's much to do. I've got a job for each of you." Nan added, "Pitch in, kids, this party is what you make it."

Having a part in the work made it all fun. Our producer, Beulah Zachary, and our secretaries, Kathy Morgan and Mary Dornhein, put on aprons and helped in the kitchen so Alice Tillstrom would have a few extra moments with her grandchildren. Burr and Dick carried in the tree. Gommy, our director, and Joe Lockwood, our costume designer, took charge of setting it up. Then Fran and her husband, Archie, arrived. Archie had thought to bring a bundle of kindling to start the fire in the big hearth, and Fran remembered where Burr had stored the Christmas decorations last year and helped him dig them out. Burr's father, Dr. Tillstrom, come up the walk; afterward, Jack Fascinato entered with his lovely wife, Loras, and their two little girls, Toni and Tina.

What a dinner we had! Turkey and mashed potatoes and savory gravy; two kinds of vegetables and salad and cranberry sauce. How the mothers and the girls prepared it in such a hurry, I'll never know. At the end, there was an extra surprise. Miriam said, "Burr, Susan brought something for you. Something special." Susan, blushing, whisked a napkin off a tray and there was the most scrumptious cake I've ever seen—four layers high and covered all around with deep chocolate.

Burr planted a big kiss on her forehead. "Susan, you're getting to be just as good a cook as your mother."

We all exclaimed over it, but Ollie was positively goggle eyed. I was afraid an attack of his old trouble would leave all of us without a taste.

"Held it on her lap all the way," her father told Burr drily. "You'd have thought it was the crown jewels."

"Crown jewels," said Beulah, suddenly alert. "That reminds me, where are the Christmas tree lights?"

We all swarmed around, one saying, "Give me some tinsel," and another, "Give me the bells." I thought for a minute we'd have more people than ornaments, but it turned out there was something for each of us to put on the tree. Archie, in a flash of inspiration, had even remembered to bring a box of candy canes for the littlest girls to hang on the lowest branches. Colonel Cracky completed the theme by rummaging deep into a box and finding a spray of mistletoe.

At last all was finished, and as Beulah flew up to fix the Christmas star in place on the topmost branch, Burr suggested, "Let's turn off all the lamps."

We rushed for places on sofas and on the floor. One by one the lamps were snapped off, until only the glow of the Yule log remained, burning steady and strong.

Then Burr took the hand of Fran's mother and led her to the tree. "Will you turn on our Christmas lights, Nan? And make our Christmas wish?"

Nan's voice came gentle and quiet. "It's a Christmas prayer. From the First Christmas. A prayer for peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

She touched the switch. Our lights blazed on, dazzling bright against the dark pine. At the top shone our white star of peace and hope.

Ollie broke the silence with a loud clearing of his throat. "Doc," he said, addressing Burr's father, "since you and I started this, so to speak, how about telling us the story of how you used to go out to the forest to chop down your own tree."

"I CERTAINLY will," said Dr. Tillstrom, "and here's what I'll do. I'll start with the story if the children will all speak their Christmas pieces."

You never heard such a program. Richie had a poem, tiny Toni danced to the "March of the Toys," and her father Jack remained at the piano to accompany Mercedes and Susan in a saxophone and clarinet duet. Some one called for carols.

Jack bowed toward Burr's mother. "That's where another pianist takes precedence."

A little flustered, Alice protested, "Oh my, no. Tonight I'll just listen."

Dr. Tillstrom settled it by rising and bowing in his most courtly manner and offering his arm. He conducted her to the piano. It seemed right, somehow, that Jack should play for the program, but that Alice should lead in the carols when we were together, just a big family.

We sang them all, from "Joy to the World" through "Silent Night," and as the little girls, nodding sleepy eyed on the sofas, reminded us even such an evening as this must end, Fran said what we all had in our hearts, "We're not having two Christmases this year, we're having Christmas, for it's more than just a holiday or presents. Christmas is our love for God and for one another."

MY HUSBAND, BUD

(Continued from page 33) your idea over to this or that station, if I were you, they use spots like that." One way or another, he'll do something about it, something practical. You never ask Bud Collyer for bread and get a stone, and that's for sure.

When Bud and I first met we were working together on the Road of Life serial, on which he was the announcer and I played the lead. We'd worked together for some years, as a matter of fact, before we had anything more than a professional relationship. I thought of Bud merely as an awfully nice man, but no more.

Time passed. One morning I came into the studio with a problem that was, visibly, upsetting me. Shortly before noon, Bud came over to me and asked if I would have lunch with him. This was the first invitation from him and I accepted, but not without making a mental reservation. Everyone in the place took their troubles to Bud—he used to be a lawyer—and for some silly reason, I didn't want to be one of them. As I was putting on my hat and my lipstick (with more than customary care—I wonder why?) I was telling myself: If Bud Collyer thinks I'm going to cry on his shoulder, tell him my troubles, he's sadly mistaken . . .

It was one of the funniest first dates a girl ever had. Bud is as gay a guy as ever lived, but this day he just sat there, pushing his food around his plate, saying very little, looking so grave that I thought, What's the matter with that boy? True to my resolve I hadn't told him my troubles, hadn't cried on his shoulder, not a whimper. What ailed him? Then, on the way back to the studio, Mr. Sobersides Collyer said soberly: "Well, that was fun—let's do it again next Monday."

"Well, all right," I said, a little dubiously, trying not to laugh in his face. I was thinking: "Fun? What was fun about it?"

Perhaps we were beginning to fall in love that day, on that first date . . . who knows? Who ever knows the hour, the moment? We did it again next Monday. And the Monday after that. And then one night we were having dinner at the Richelieu and right in the middle of taking a bite, Bud leaned across the table and said to me, "I love you."

I said "I know that." And so we were married and have lived happily ever after.

There are three children, Patricia, thirteen, Cynthia, eleven, Michael, nine, all three little Collyers (Bud's by a former marriage). And Michael such a spitting image of Bud!

The children are the love of Bud's life. Some men have hobbies—golf, tennis, breeding dogs, or horses. The children are Bud's hobby—his own children and everyone else's. My mother says she has never known a father like him. "A man that's *that much* of a father."

His love of his children is best proved by his interest in them and in everything that concerns them. As the children develop interests and talents (Pat takes to the piano like a duck to water; Cynthia has a free hand with drawing, and Michael with his magic shows!) Bud is right in there with them, stimulating, encouraging.

On Sundays, Bud gets up at about 8:30

and after an enormous breakfast (his biggest meal is breakfast, and I do mean big!) he goes to Sunday school with the children and stays for church. Then they come home and we have a big Sunday dinner. After dinner, Bud takes a nap. Sometimes the kids and I do likewise. Then we get up and Bud plays soft-ball with the kids. Or croquet. Or ping-pong. Our front hall looks like one of the better-stocked sporting goods stores.

The things with which Bud crowds his life, without seeming to crowd at all—the way he manages to "beat the clock"—is, to me, a minor miracle, a kind of one-man victory over time and space. As NBC audiences know, he emcees the Monday-through-Friday half-hour radio show, Break the Bank. And is host, with Bert Parks, on the television version each Wednesday night at ten. Five times a week he does the Guiding Light show on radio. Likewise five times a week, he announces on Right To Happiness. Every other Friday night he's on Say It With Acting, with Maggie McNellis. And on Saturday night, he does the CBS-TV Beat The Clock show.

I've worked in radio for a long time, and I love to work. Bud likes for me to work, too, because when I do my disposition is, he says, "Divine." It probably is. Work just makes me *alive* . . . I do shows like True Story, Rogues' Gallery, and Living 1951, and, an Oliver Twist in skirts, I want more!

But much as I love work, and intend to work whenever possible, I couldn't take Bud's schedule. But Bud takes it. He takes it in stride, with good humor and with zest.

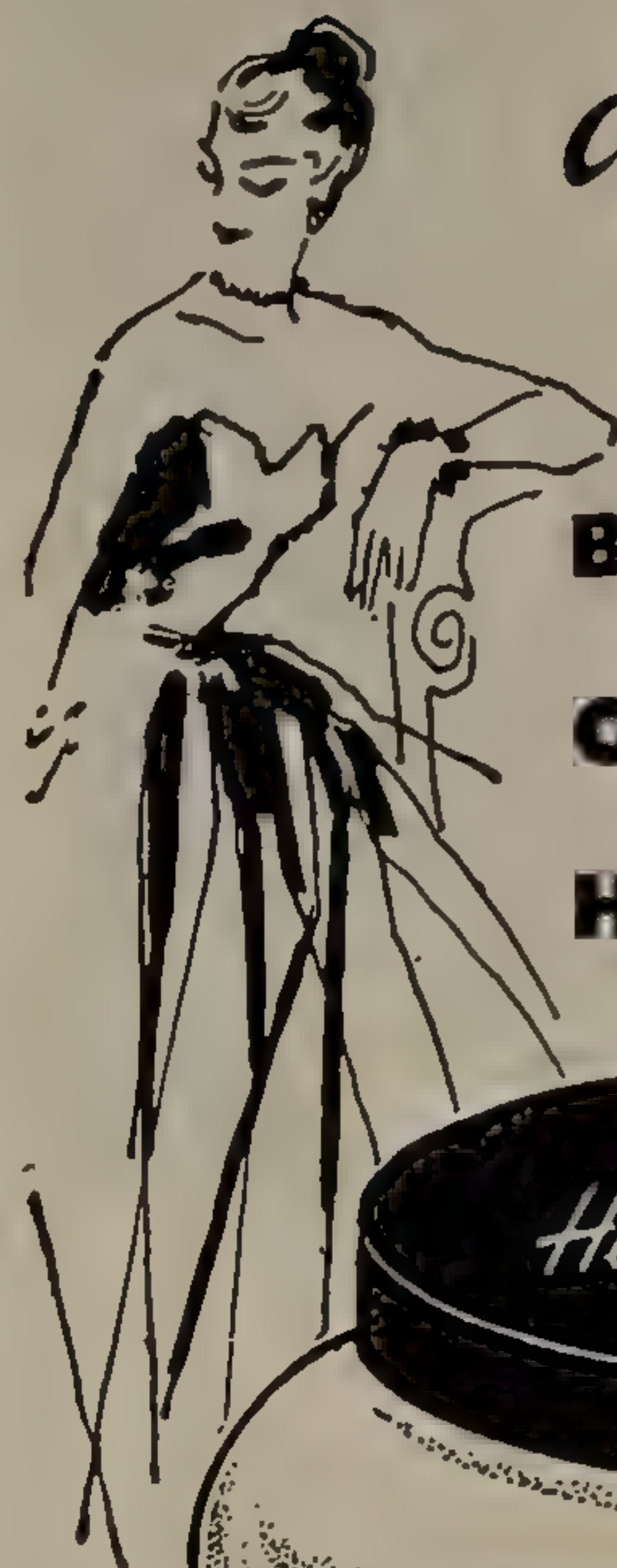
Bud has a never-failing thoughtfulness—always that phone call so that you're never left to wonder, to doubt . . . This, to me, is one of the *most* romantic things. Because it shows me that I am in his thoughts, all the time. And the trip to Europe we took last summer, to Paris, to London. Bud needed a rest desperately, should have chosen a place just to sleep, but because he didn't feel it would be fair to me, we went to Europe. Just the two of us. Our realest honeymoon . . . And the flower-sending—so much flower-sending that I've had to put a stop to it. As I recently said of our fairy-tale castle (which is up for sale,) "This is for people who cut coupons, not for people living on earned income. Let's sell and buy another, and smaller place, here in Greenwich." And Bud agreed.

If I could find one fault with Bud, one flaw, it would add realism, wouldn't it, to this hymn of praise? Well, gosh, picture me trying, chewing the pencil, scratching my head . . . The top of his dresser irritates me, why that? Because it's a real litter.

And there is the shower—this could be a sore point. When Bud gets home, he takes his shower first thing. I swear it takes him *two hours*!

Also, when Bud is at home, he doesn't want to be bored by time; none of this dinner-at-eight, be here, be there routine. It makes it difficult to run a household, but this is no fault—dear Lord, the guy is entitled to it, because this is somebody who's too good to be true.

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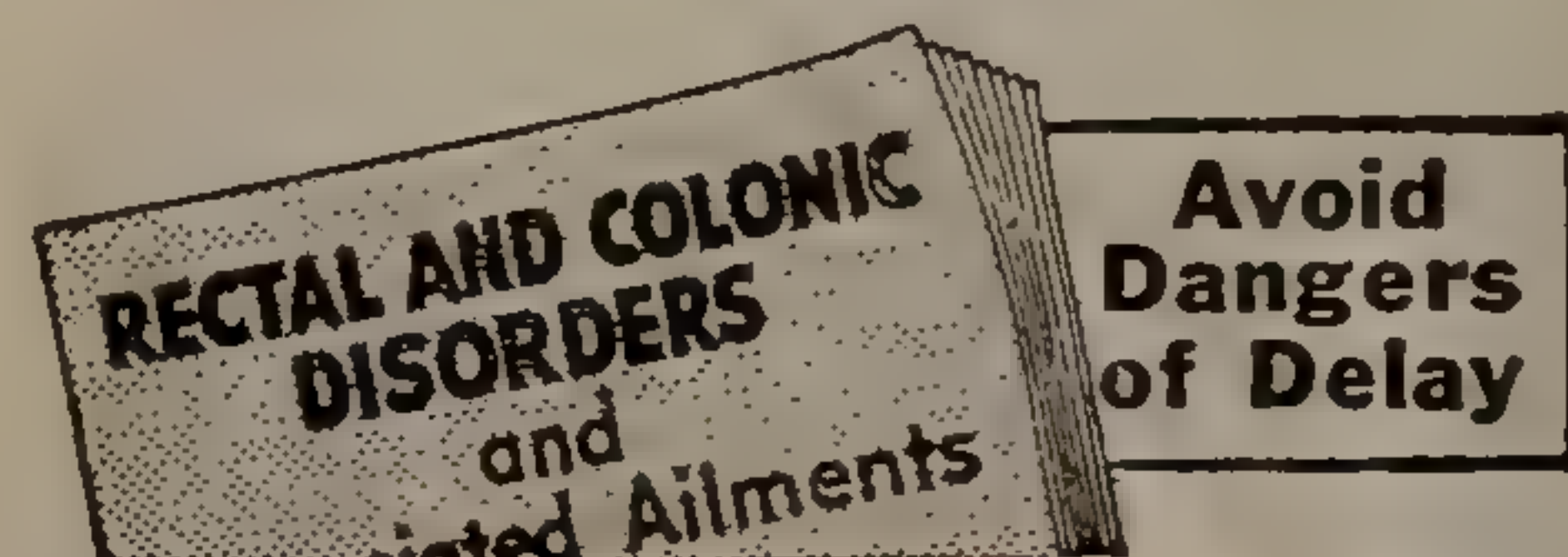
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GODFREY'S TIN PAN ALLEY

(Continued from page 39) twins Robert and Laura, live on Long Island, but when the music sheets are folded up, he'll talk about Coral Beach Courts near Tampa, Florida, where he and his brother-in-law rent fourteen beach cottages, and where a tired whistle player can retire some day.

Chubby trombonist Sy Shaffer was torn between two loves, music and travel. He could drive his father's truck about the country or could stay put in a local dance band in Newark. He decided on music and hit both jackpots, Bob Chester picked him up when he was sixteen, and his subsequent junkets with Carmen Cavallero, Benny Goodman, Vincent Lopez, and Raymond Scott covered all forty-eight states, provinces of Canada, and chunks of Mexico. After joining the CBS band, Sy discovered the only land he wanted to see was the patch he landscaped around his door. Away from his rock garden, Sy and his wife collect records of Dorsey and Dixieland, cheer for the Dodgers, talk to and about ten-month-old daughter Lynne Iris, and help fund drives for the North Shore Hospital.

BASS massager Gene Traxler is a neighbor of Johnny Mince, and they meet every morning at the Star Diner to flip a coin which decides whose car they'll use to plunge into city traffic. Gene, a motorboat fan, would much rather zoom down the Sound in his twenty-six-foot "Ad Lib," but there's no dock convenient to the studio. Gene's father is music teacher in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and music was always Gene's ambition although he filled in working for the meat market and on the railroad. He studied diligently and within two years of graduation from high school was playing with Tommy Dorsey. He was with Dorsey five years, and also played with the Benny Goodman band, before coming to CBS. He collects Duke Ellington records, plays church music, organizes home barbecues and has his own family combo, with sixteen-year-old Ronald, eight-year-old Judy and wife Thelma—all musicians, and all good enough so the neighbors don't complain.

Organist Lee Erwin's early musical ambition was aimed toward gong ringing as a streetcar motorman in Huntsville, Alabama. But at age seven he discovered the keyboard, and lost all Desire named Streetcar. His versatile organ stylings

stem from study at the Cincinnati Conservatory, two years of instruction abroad, and many Sabbath hours at practically every church console in Cincinnati. For eleven years he phrased the mood settings on the poetic "Moon River" broadcasts. He wrote "The Mariner's Song" and "Hello, Sunshine," and recently, when Arthur made a chance remark that Navy fliers needed a song, Lee wrote "Mighty Navy Wings," arranged it and had it all set for the band to play the next day. Off the bench, bachelor Erwin has logged five hundred hours flying time, and sails his twenty-six foot sloop to and from his house on Water Island.

Guitarist Remo Palmieri was all set to be a commercial artist until he picked up the guitar as a hobby when eleven. He continued without any lessons, but with such an aptitude that he picked up a job in Kelly's Stables, and after two years was playing with famed Coleman Hawkins. He played with Red Norvo and the Mildred Bailey Show, and actually his lack of formal training made him an ideal choice for the Godfrey show, when they needed a man who didn't depend on music but could follow Godfrey's whims. Not using printed music was practically a specialty of Remo's and he proved to be a natural. His wife Margery was a band vocalist and they have twin girls five years old. Remo paints for a hobby, but most of his time is devoted to studying music for the formal training and background he has grown to appreciate as a true, ad lib artist.

Archie Bleyer calls the group the most compatible musicians he's ever known, and they in turn seem to enjoy working with Jan Davis, Frank Parker, Marion Marlowe, the Mariners and the Chordettes.

Personally I find working with these musicians quite a treat. It was through music that I got my start, as a bass with the New York Operatic Guild and with singing roles in "White Horse Inn" and "Virginia." And since I've been talking about other men's children, I've got to get a word in about my nine-year-old Lynda. The fact is, she's now playing the flute and getting to be pretty good. In another year I think I'll get her into the band. Then I could retire on her pay, and she'd have a wonderful time with just about the greatest band of the land in Godfrey's Tin Pan Alley!

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THIS IS NO LOST GENERATION

(Continued from page 35) helping me and said, "There. There's your young America. There's your answer to the dope, the cheating and the scandals. Kids caught up in such stuff are tragic, but thank God, they are few. They constitute the casualty list, and unfortunately, every age has its casualties. The real typical kids never get into the papers."

I feel pretty strongly on this subject, and maybe my opinion is worth something for I'm constantly in the company of young people. At home, in a family and social situation, I see my own two kids and their friends. Penny started college this fall, and my son, Wayne, is a sophomore in high school. At work, on the Wayne King Show, there are the young singers, dancers and musicians who compose our cast, and finally, when the band plays a dance engagement or a concert, I see the crowds of kids during their recreation hours.

OUT OF such observation comes my firm conviction that when I compare today's crop with their predecessors whom I have watched during more than a quarter of a century as an entertainer, I'm ready to say that this present generation is the sharpest, quickest, smartest, greatest, loveliest race of people who have ever been on this earth.

Notice please, that I referred to them as a "race of people." I meant just what I said. These kids bear little resemblance to their parents or teachers. This generation is different. I can't explain it.

They make me wonder if we haven't reached a new stage in our evolution as better human beings. Again the time has come for the world to turn. The Power which decrees the fate of the universe has dictated there should be a change.

That may sound a bit mystic, but although the cause may be difficult to perceive, the effect is obvious. I saw the raucous days of the "Twenties," they were followed by the despair and sentimentalism of the "Thirties" when music got so sweet you couldn't stand it and a lot of people got equally sticky in the head and embroiled themselves in assorted and subsequently embarrassing world-saving theories. The "Forties" grew noisy again with minds as well as music to the fast-paced, monotonous repetition of bop. These kids of the "Fifties" have a new attitude, and it shows in their living as well as in their music.

The thing which impresses me the most is their absolute clear-headedness. They're more honest than any preceding generation. They have no time for that system of manners and morals which revolves around the practice of saying yes when you mean perhaps and perhaps when you mean no. To these kids, a thing is great, or it stinks, and they say so.

Through such candor, I expect these kids, as they grow up, to strip away a lot of the sham which has fuzzed up the world, for I've noticed they have a way of looking right through a person and finding out what he stands for. Race, color and creed don't mean a thing to them. They know we've been wrong in our stupid discriminations. They by-pass all that junk

and base their judgment on the worth of the individual. Their motto is "Prove it."

In music, they have as a part of their very being, knowledge such as no other generation has ever possessed. These are the kids who were lullabied by radio and they've heard every brand of music in the world. Their wide scope already is having a considerable effect on the entertainment business. You've noticed, I'm sure, the great many revivals of old tunes, and I want to tell you that it's the kids, rather than the publishers who have brought them back. These kids don't care where, how or when a piece originally was introduced, but they do know if they like it, and most musicians will agree that they're choosing songs which are fundamentally good.

In performance, too, we're seeing remarkable evidence of this wide knowledge. Let me illustrate: Not too many years ago, if a symphony conductor got the idea he wanted a French horn in the orchestra, he found it difficult to discover an American musician with sufficient skill to play it acceptably. French horn players came from France. Today, in virtually any major high school, you're likely to find at least one kid who can play French horn.

Gifted as these kids are, one criticism often leveled against them has some validity. All of us who work with them have to admit that in acquiring this omnibus of knowledge sometimes they skip lightly over the more boring fundamentals. A girl may give you a considered opinion of the work of Plato, but she can't spell, a boy who can comprehend the atomic theory may make errors when called on to add or subtract.

Enthusiastic as I may be about this young generation, I'll have to admit I've sometimes found that complaint to be true. But I've noticed another thing about them which counteracts it. Let a kid once discover the need of such things, and he'll go back and start digging. Having surveyed the many fields, he will study zealously to acquire the tools which he'll need in the particular occupation in which he intends to specialize.

AT THIS point, I believe I should make it clear that I'm talking here about other people's kids, not my own. Where young Wayne and Penny are concerned, I'll confess I'm in the same spot as any other parent. I think they're wonderful, it is true, but I can't analyze them because I love them too much. Emotion gets in the way and both clouds and colors intellect. And it's as well, for I don't think any parent has a right to try to analyze his own youngsters. We're too close to have any perspective.

Amazing, confusing and inspiring as our own kids can be, I think the best any of us parents can do is love them, guide them, and try to keep them honest, even when that honesty jolts us.

Let those who mouth the old doomsday words, "What are the kids coming to?" take a second look. I don't know what we've ever done to deserve them, but I am sure that today's youngsters are the quickest, smartest, loveliest race of people we've ever had on this earth.

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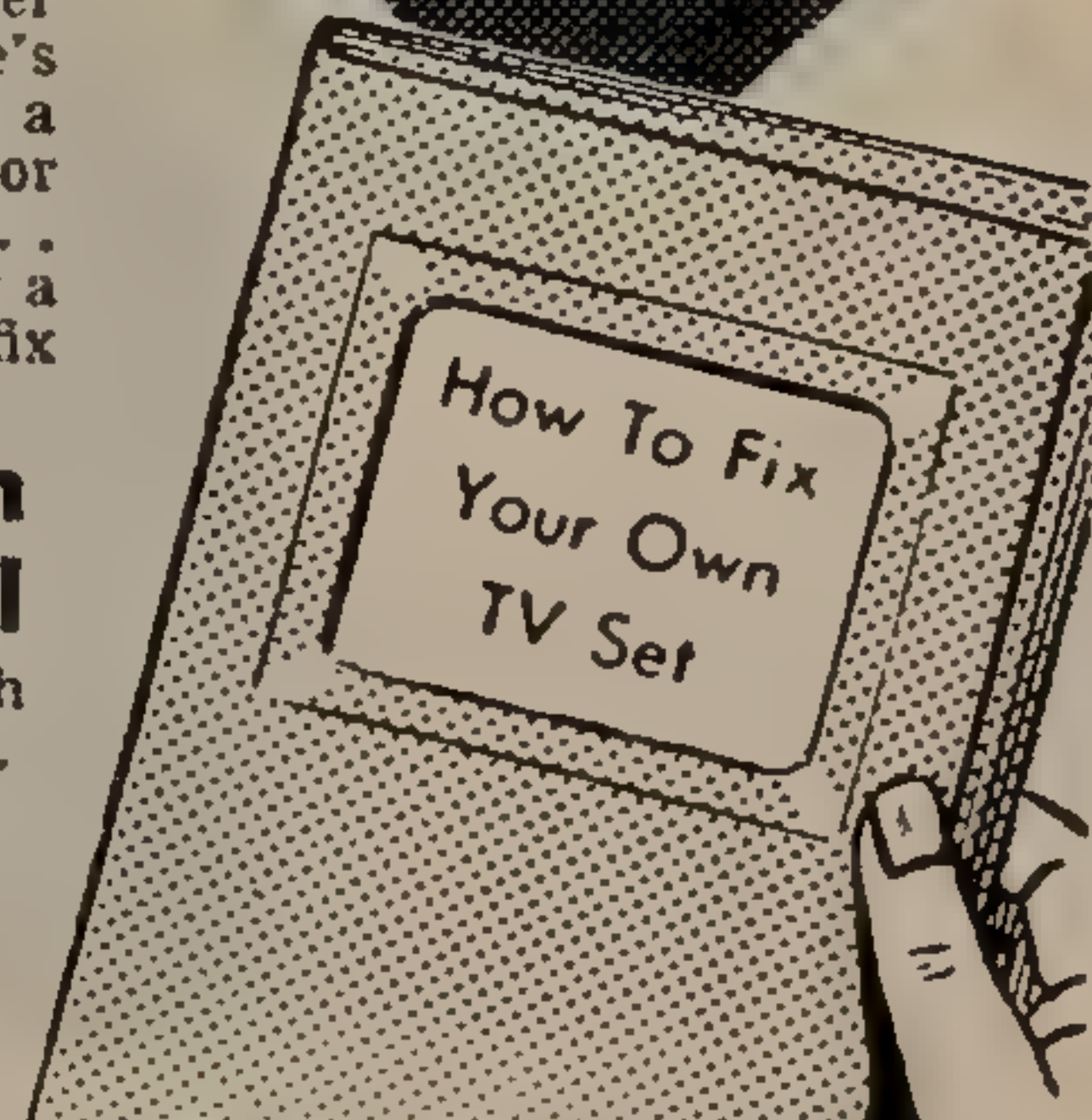
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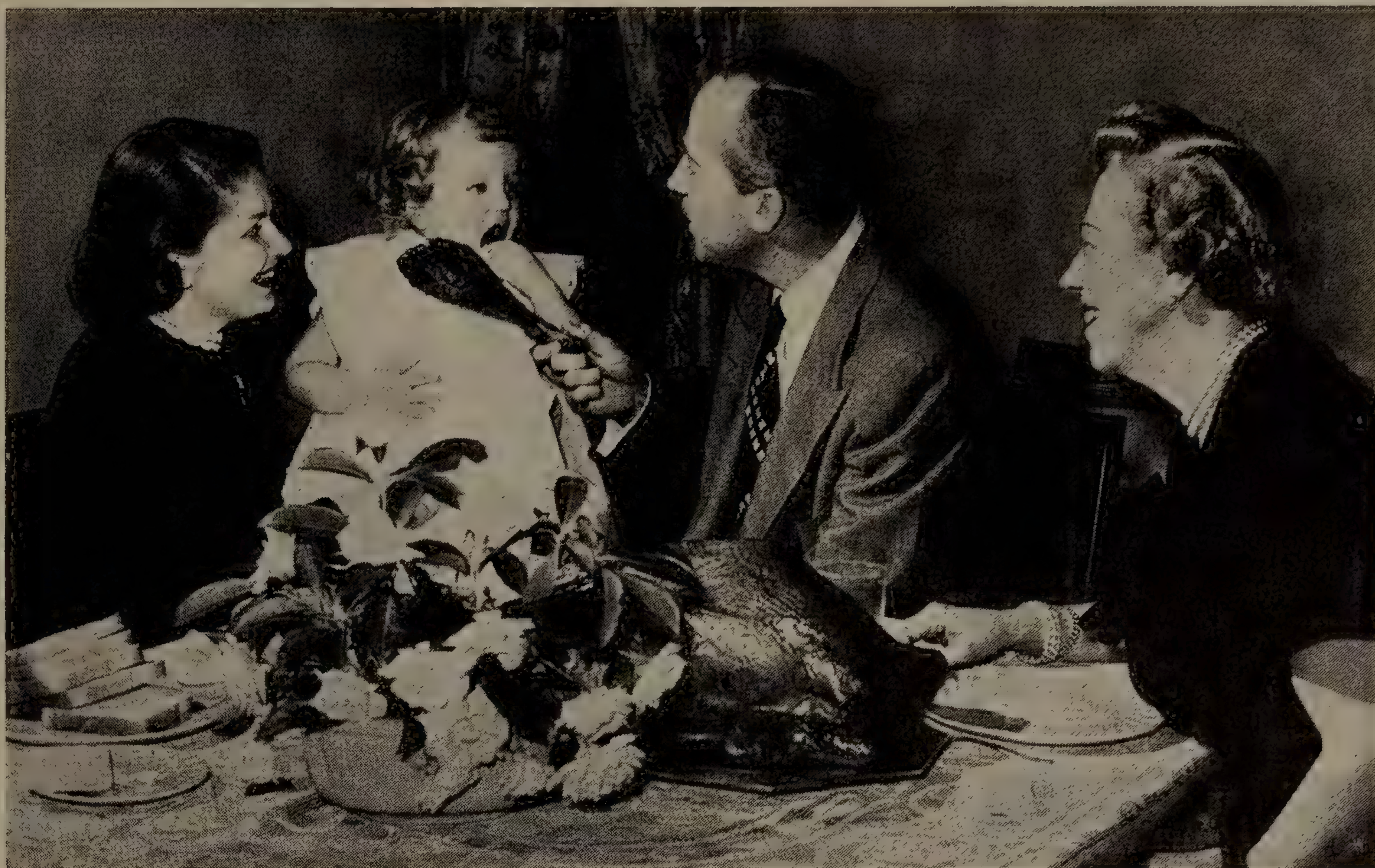
"COME CHRISTMAS—EVERYTHING WILL

By Terry Burton

I WAITED at the window, my hand half raised, ready to wave to Stan when he turned at the corner to look back. It was ritual, and I stood there only half conscious of what I was doing, my mind busy with other things—the sharpness of the December wind and the slow, unyouthful movements with which Stan had put on his coat, moved off down the path. His shoulders didn't even look like his, from the back; their sagging breadth might have belonged to a much older man.

I blinked awake. He was *gone*—had turned the corner and disappeared, too preoccupied even to remember the ritual farewell. "Poor Stan!" I thought for the hundredth time, as I moved away from the window with a sigh. "And what's the good of my thinking 'poor Stan'? If only I could help!" Then, as always, I smiled ruefully to myself. How many housewives, at how many different times in their lives, said those same futile words over to themselves, knowing the answer? There *was* no way I could help, in the sense of helping to pay the bills. Staying

Terry was armed for battle at the dinner table that night, but to her surprise, Mother Burton put herself out to be as delightful as she knew how and they had their first really happy family dinner in days.



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WORK OUT," SAID TERRY, BUT SHE DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE IT

cheerful, managing to feed Brad and Wendy and the two of us so that the slow, downward slide of our income wasn't too depressingly apparent on the family table . . . wasn't that just about all I was fit to do? And if Stan continued to work himself up about the store, forcing himself up and out at practically the crack of dawn, maybe I wouldn't even be able to manage cheerfulness. At least . . . I looked longingly at the still primly-set breakfast table, where Stan had disturbed his place only to the extent of swallowing a cup of black coffee . . . at least not till I had some toast and a second cup of coffee.

I was about to pour it out when a clatter preceded Brad into the kitchen. "Just milk, Mom," he said loudly, and then hushed himself to add, "Oh, sorry, Wendy still asleep?"

"She woke early, so I put her back in her crib with a bottle of orange juice. I have to take my holidays when I can," I said, smiling. There. That was cheerful, surely?

But Brad only looked suddenly sober. "Gee, Mom, you

and Dad sure look tired these days. I wish you could have a holiday. Why don't we all go—" He flushed and gulped his milk. "I guess I know the answer to that one. Some dope."

"Oh, it's not all that bad, Brad, really. I don't want you worrying about it. Dad's a little over-anxious about things this season, that's all. After all, the Burton store has been here in Dickston for—how many years? I forget." Busy fixing Brad's eggs, I kept my face turned away. But I knew from his tone that he wasn't much reassured.

"Oh, a thousand, I guess." He came up and put his arm around me. "Gee, Mom, I wish—"

"Just wish these down and get to school on time, dear. That's your business at the moment." Sitting down at last to my own toast, the sight of a forkful of scrambled

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eggs on their way to Brad's mouth suddenly made me burst into honest laughter. Brad looked at me, startled.

"It's the eggs," I explained, still giggling. "The first thing you said was that you wanted just milk this morning, and I calmly proceeded to cook you some eggs—and you're just as calmly eating them!"

Brad was laughing with me now. "Real sharp, this family! Right on the ball. Say—" he sobered again. "Where's Dad? Not gone already?"

I nodded.

"Too bad," Brad said. "He hasn't cracked a smile since New Year's, seems like." He drank another glass of milk, demolished four paper napkins, and stood up. "I'm on my way. See you around three-thirty, if they don't call extra basketball practice. Take care!" I followed him out to the hall and helped him on with his corduroy jacket; it was just an excuse to give him an extra hug, and he knew it, for he hugged me back and rubbed his warm young cheek against mine. It was then that I noticed no protuberance in his jacket pocket.

"Brad—where's your pen?"

HE LOOKED downward guiltily. "Oh—it's gone."

"You mean you lost it? Oh, Brad—"

"No, it broke, Mom. Couple of weeks ago. The guy near school wanted four bucks to fix it, so I—I just got myself one from the five and dime. It'll last me through the term, I guess, but it's not much to look at. I keep it in the other pocket." He gave me another quick hug and ran out, before I could ask any more questions.

I was glad to see him go. There was no point in dramatizing the thing; it wasn't so dreadful for a teen-age boy to be using a pen from the 'five-and-dime.' That wasn't what made me march into the living room, glare at it furiously. What mattered was that Brad should be so upset about Stan's money worries that—though he was generally the most forthright, outspoken youngster in town—he had deliberately concealed the fact that he needed a new pen. It was a shame that Brad should be so bothered; he ought to be able to keep his mind on nothing but school and games and exams. Time enough, later on, for adult worries...

I told myself wryly, "Remember—all you can do is be cheerful. Well, be cheerful, darn it!" But to my own disgust I was close to tears of self-pity. If Wendy hadn't begun babbling, upstairs, I might have sat there in the hateful chair and cried all over it. I sighed and started upstairs to Wendy. "Terry, cut it out!" I told myself sharply. "You have Stan and Wendy and Brad and you're still eating and by golly you're all going to get through this pinch with flying colors! This is no way to help Stan! This is just what his mother would expect of me," I finished, aloud. My spirits rose again.

I thought later that it was nice I'd had that spurt of optimism in the middle of the morning. When Stan called me in the afternoon, I really was able to project confidence and courage as I said hello. That was something—particularly since, when I heard his news, all the fight went out of me. I was temporarily not only deflated, but speechless. Stan said impa-

tiently, "Terry, did you hear me?"

"I heard, but I was hoping we had a bad connection."

"No such luck. I've got the telegram right here. If something didn't hold them up, Mother and Louise are on their way East right now."

"Nothing will hold them up, Stan. 'What—what do we do now, dear?'"

Stan said drearily, "Oh—meet the train, I guess. Get them a couple of rooms at the Dickston Arms. Put up with their whims and foibles. It'll be nice to see Mother again after all this time."

"Of course," I put in hastily. "But Stan—"

"—And I suppose even my dear sister Louise will be in a bearable mood now she's going to be married." There was some confused murmuring in the background, and Stan said, "Got to go now, Terry. Jane's all tied up with Mrs. Thrope and that Paris-copy evening dress."

"Good luck," I said automatically. "But Stan—it's your family." I braced myself. "They've got to stay with us."

"Goodbye, I've got to go," Stan said. Then his voice came back strongly. "Oh, that's swell, Terry—I was hoping you'd say that. Not if it's too much trouble."

"Heavens, it's not too much trouble," I said grimly. After I'd hung up I leaned against the wall for a while, staring down at the phone. *Trouble*. If it didn't take a man to make an understatement like that. *Trouble* indeed. Mother Burton had been nothing but trouble for me since the beginning of my marriage to Stan. She had never actually caused any between us, but sometimes I felt I couldn't forgive her for what she had, unconsciously of course, done to Stan. Why, the very trouble he was in now at the store—everyone went through lean periods between the fat ones, but Stan felt as though the debts that were towering up were about to fall on

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his head. He was frightened, and often I wondered if that wasn't because he was, indirectly, frightened of his mother's censure if she should ever find out. She never had thought much of his business sense. She said, often and outright, that he hadn't any; she considered that a compliment, not an insult, for to her it was obvious that Stan had been meant for other, better things than storekeeping and domesticity in Dickston.

And now, with Stan already nervous and uncertain, and with our finances in such a state that two extra people would be a real burden, she and Louise were practically with us. Well—to work, I told myself with a sigh. Clean the downstairs guest room—the only one we boasted. Put the best spreads on the—fortunately—very comfortable beds. Check the desk, be sure the lamps work, bring down the boudoir chair from my own bedroom and take away the old ladderback that wouldn't be Mother Burton's idea of a hospitable place to sit—and all the time try to ignore the faded wallpaper about which nothing could be done. Try to forget that the beds were off-center because one of them was strategically placed over a big ink stain that had never cleaned out of the carpet.

Only two trains a day stop in Dickston. It's the measure of Stan's relationship with his mother that two days later he was down there with me, blowing and stamping in the stove-heated station, waiting for the afternoon train.

But they weren't on the train.

"Confound it!" Stan said irritably. "This was the only one they could possibly have been on! Here's a whole afternoon wasted. Why couldn't they wire if they were delayed?"

Since I privately felt the same way about their indefiniteness, we drove most of the way home in silence. As he pulled into the garage Stan said, "Terry, I haven't mentioned this before, but Mother—you know how she is about the store, and me. She'd worry a lot if she thought we weren't getting along so well . . ."

"Stan! You don't think I'd discuss anything like this with your mother? This is our business, dear." I put my hand on Stan's. "Don't worry, darling. It'll all clear itself up."

To my dismay, Stan bent and rested his dark head on his hands on the wheel. "Oh, Terry, I wish I believed that. I feel like such a failure about all this—"

"No." I pulled his head back against my shoulder and kissed his warm fore-

head. "Don't say it. You've always taken care of this family and you always will. We know it. We're sure of it. You're just fussing yourself needlessly, my darling. You'll see—come Christmas, everything will work out."

Stan said bitterly, "Ah, yes, come Christmas. I guess this isn't the year you get that new watch, is it? Or Brad gets—"

A voice from the house stopped him. "You two—aren't you ever coming in to say hello? We've come a long way to see you—"

"Mother!" Stan looked at me, stunned. Then with one accord we flung open the doors and ran across the lawn into the house. "Mother!" Stan called. "Where are you?"

"Welcome home!" I seconded, heartily.

Mother Burton came laughing out of the living room, and hugged us both warmly. Behind her, Louise, magnificently tweed suited, looked like a *Vogue* illustration. As she touched a cool cheek to mine I noticed that the living room, over her shoulder, seemed shabbier than ever.

But there was no time for that sort of thing. The flurry of welcoming chatter carried us over the first few seconds easily, and then Stan said, "But how did you get here? Where are your bags? Why didn't you let us—"

"MY DEAR, we flew, naturally," Mother Burton said. "That train trip—so tedious! Louise couldn't face it and no more could I! Flying is the only possible way to travel nowadays!"

"Oh," Stan's face went cold, and I had an instant conviction that he was making swift calculation as to how much more it had cost them to fly. But he rallied at once. "Luggage, luggage—anybody got any luggage they wanted me to—lug?" He glanced around the hall, but it was empty.

Louise waved a hand. "All done, darling. Brad helped us before he ran out. Oh—yes, didn't he say, Mother, that we were to tell Stan something?"

Mother Burton frowned. "I didn't think the boy should have fled from the place just as we came in, but then—I know how casually you're bringing him up, dear—" this was to me. "And I must say he seems well enough. He said he was going down to see a fellow about an assignment. I believe those were his exact words." She smiled brightly from one to the other of us. "He helped us upstairs most usefully, since there was no other man around."

"But—" said Stan, at the same instant that I exclaimed, "Upstairs?"

"My dear, of course. Brad did say you expected us to use the little downstairs room—"

"That's our guest room, Mother," Stan interjected rather stiffly.

"Yes, dear, of course, but really now—with Brad running in and out with those heavy boots, and Wendy—delightful as she is, Terry dear, babies are noisy! I couldn't possibly have slept down there. We knew you wouldn't mind."

The smile became pasted to my face. I didn't have to be told—I knew already that Louise's traveling coat was draped over my bed upstairs, and that Mother

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Burton's silver-backed dresser set gleamed aristocratically from the center of my dressing table. Stan was looking blankly at his mother. "What have you done, turned out the attic?" he asked. I felt my temper ominously stirring because he hadn't already understood.

"Stan dear, they're in our room, and we should have thought of that before. They'll be much more comfortable there."

Louise had the sense to look faintly relieved. "I was afraid you'd think it rather high-handed, but really, Terry, that tiny little closet thing down here."

"How can you, Louise? Terry would never be put out over a little thing like this. It's her home—she'll be quite comfortable anywhere in it. I'm sure we need say no more." Mother Burton's lordly assurance disposed of the whole thing. Just in time, I thought, for Stan's face was rapidly darkening with anger. What a shame if I held on to my own temper only to have him lose his! I said briskly, "Well, if you three will get on with the reunion, I'll go out and organize dinner. No—thank you, I don't need a thing except for you to make yourselves comfortable." And to be alone for a few saving moments, I added silently, as I practically fled from the room. Some beginning . . .

THERE'S nothing like an extroverted teen-age boy to bring an uncongenial dinner table into a state of friendliness. Brad was an unmitigated blessing that night. His conviction that the basketball team at school was what we most wanted to hear about made dinner at least sound lively. If Mother Burton occasionally looked as if children should be seen and not heard, and if Louise once or twice put a long, perfectly-groomed hand to her lips to conceal a yawn . . . let them, I thought rebelliously. Stan was enjoying himself, relaxing with Brad for the first time all week. And they ought to have the wit to see that Brad was giving them a lesson in social demeanor by searching out a topic of conversation he at least thought would interest them. All they wanted to talk about, it appeared, was themselves.

We went to bed so late that even Stan couldn't keep his eyes open long enough to start talking about the store. But he did mention, gloomily, that his mother seemed to suspect all was not well. She had asked him some pointed questions about how things were going.

"But, Stan," I said reasonably, "that's just courtesy. Anyone asks the same thing."

"Not that way," he said. "And besides, I saw her looking around the living room. Same old worn-out draperies, same old vase with the crack down the middle—"

"That's a beautiful piece of Dresden china," I said defensively. "Everybody who's lucky enough to have a thing like that mends it if it breaks, and thinks nothing about showing it. Darling, you're getting over-sensitive. We've got nothing to be ashamed of! We've got a nice home . . ."

"Not nice enough for mother." Stan flung himself into his bed and hunched the covers up as though to shut out the world. "Oh, well, I'm fortunately too sleepy to worry tonight. Tomorrow I'll

worry some extra, to make up." In a couple of minutes he was so sound asleep he didn't even feel it when I kissed him before turning out the lamp.

I must admit that Louise wasn't much trouble to me. I would have been glad to get excited about her wedding, but it was quite apparent that she didn't intend to consult anyone but herself. She was in and out of the house, shopping—using the phone so lavishly that I dreaded the advent of the bill—and eventually going all the way down to New York for a more exciting selection of china and silver from which to choose her patterns. Mother Burton amused herself in her own way, renewing old acquaintanceships. I hesitate to call them friendships, for there were few families in town rated highly enough by Stan's mother to admit them into anything so intimate as friendship. But it gave her a pleasantly feudal feeling, I suppose, to go about to tea and luncheon in the really impressive hats and frocks she had bought in California.

The second day, Mother Burton had rearranged the furniture in my bedroom, with only a perfunctory remark to me. I didn't dream of telling Mother Burton her sympathy was not what I needed, and her criticism of Stan, I would not be able to put up with. But it was like worrying a painful tooth to hear her planning elaborate small teas for her friends, to be given by me, of course, in return for their hospitality. "Some afternoon between Christmas and New Year's," she said happily, making out lists. "Nothing elaborate, dear. I wouldn't want you to fuss. But—well, you know. Nice."

I considered the back of her beautifully-dressed grey head in silence. I didn't know how to meet this crisis.

"Do you think three is too many? Oh—I suppose, with the big party to plan for and all that, maybe just two. Two afternoons during the holiday week, about five ladies each time . . . what do you say, Terry?"

I braced myself. "Mother Burton, Stan and I didn't plan to have the big party this year. He's so tired—"

It was worse than I had expected. She turned around and stared as though I had expressed myself in Hottentot, and she had to figure out what I meant. She said deliberately, "The Burtons have had a big New Year's Day party ever since I can recall. After all, Terry, you married into a family with a certain background of tradition to uphold . . ."

I IGNORED her implication that I had been nothing but a stray mongrel when Stan picked me up. I said smoothly, "But not this year, dear. We feel there are good reasons for just—giving it a miss, this time. We'll have a family Christmas—"

"Yes, I've meant to ask you. What are you getting Stan, Terry? There was the most magnificent camel's-hair coat down at the store when I was there the other day. With Stan's coloring, it would be just the thing. If you haven't already made your choice—"

"Oh, I have!" I said hastily. Actually the only thing I could afford to give Stan was the pair of gloves he so badly needed. And Stan had already worried to me that he couldn't get Brad the ex-

pensive dictionary he'd set his heart on. I sighed, and said, "We'll talk about the tea later, Mother, if that's all right. I don't see why we can't have one that week—as you say, nothing elaborate." I hoped she would get the substitution of one tea for two. One I might just be able to squeeze out of the food budget.

RATHER surprisingly, she flushed. "Terry—I've never intruded myself into Stan's married life, you know that." She was watching me expectantly, so—with my fingers crossed behind my back—I nodded. "But dear, something does seem to be so wrong here. I don't know what—you know, dear, a mother worries so about her children. I want you and Stan and Brad and darling little Wendy to have everything that's wonderful . . . and then to come here and find you all so jumpy, Stan looking so dreadfully worn . . . It's given me quite a turn. I feel so shut out. Isn't there anything I can do to help?" She sighed deeply. "It would be a great sacrifice, of course, but I think I could even manage to take care of Wendy—and Brad too, of course—if you and Stan want to get away for a bit of a rest after the holidays. He looks so desperately as though he were going to be ill—"

Because inadvertently she had touched on a secret worry of my own, I answered more snappishly than I had any right to. "Stan's perfectly all right, Mother, really. You're just borrowing trouble. There's . . . nothing at all wrong, except that he's been overworking." Immediately I was ashamed of myself. She was trying to be nice. She was Stan's mother, after all. She had a perfect right to be concerned about him. Placatingly I added, "We do need a vacation, I suppose. I'll—talk to Stan about it. I don't think he can get away, but . . ."

Withdrawn again, she pursed her lips and raised an eyebrow. I didn't blame her for being annoyed, but there was nothing I could do. There had never been a warm enough relationship between us for me to talk frankly to her—much as I would have preferred it right now. "As I said, I was down at the store the other day," she said coldly. "I didn't notice that there was anyone being trampled on in the rush. In fact I must say, Terry, hardly anyone came in while I was there."

Murmuring something noncommittal, I got out of the room somehow. I was really worried now. Once she got the idea into her head, she would ferret out the truth. Not that it would be difficult. Everyone in town must know by now that Stan was in difficulties. Well—if she had to find out, she had to, that's all. Just let her say one word to Stan about it. . . !

For Brad's sake, Stan tried to shake off his gloom as we drew into the week before the holidays. He talked as eagerly—well, almost as eagerly—as Brad himself about the tree-catching expedition, and when the day came they went off in the car together and came back with a real monster. Their trees always had been a bit ambitious for our none-too-high ceilings, and this one threatened to beggar the trimming box which I had already brought down from the attic and sorted over. I didn't have the heart to suggest that they cut it down a bit, though; with care, and a really masterful eye on the spacing, our ornaments might go round.

With the tree dwarfing the living room and the heady scent of pine swelling through the whole house, everything looked much brighter. If only, I prayed, if only the holiday feeling takes hold and carries Stan all the way through . . . I had the peculiar feeling that we'd been going through a tunnel of which the festive season would be the end. Once through that, we must come out and up into a better time . . . I *knew* we would.

The main trouble was that the end of the year also meant the due date of Stan's biggest debt, the one he owed to a New York bank. It wasn't the sort of thing you can put at the back of your mind. I saw him wrestling with it—on the one hand the urge to relax, to enjoy the season, to luxuriate in family love and comfort . . . And on the other, the grim calendar hanging over his undefended head.

Feeling as he did about his mother, the possibility of exposing himself as a failure before her was the last straw. I wouldn't let her get under his skin. I'd take the brunt of it myself, placating and evading and somehow managing that darned tea party of hers so that neither she nor her sharp-eyed, chattering guests would suspect what an effort it had cost me. And pretty soon, if we had any luck at all, she and Louise would go away.

We had some luck. Louise wired that she was spending Christmas in New York with her young man's family. Mother Burton was a trifle tight-lipped over this, but eventually decided that it would be delightful for dear Louise to have a really elegant holiday in the big city, with dear Spike's wonderful (and wealthy) family. She hadn't brought up the subject of the big New Year's Day open house before Stan, but I knew, when she remarked on the general meagerness of our preparation, that she was thinking about it.

The Saturday before Christmas, the day we were going to trim the tree, Brad came wandering into the kitchen before dinner looking for something to eat. He found some odds and ends in the cake-tin and stood munching them, washing them down with a quart of milk from a bottle, in a thoughtful way that meant there was something on his mind. Finally it came out.

"Say, Mom—about Grandma."

I paused with the basting-spoon in my hand. "What about Grandma?"

"I DON'T know. She's been buzzing around asking the funniest questions."

"Asking whom?" I said sharply.

"Oh, just me. I mean—really peculiar. Like had I had any new clothes lately, and had we been going places much, movies and stuff. Oh, and was Dad worried about anything . . ." He held up the nearly-empty bottle and said, "Gee whiz, did I put away all *that*? Well—might as well finish it." He did so, and added, "Of course I knew what she was getting at, Mom. And I didn't let out a peep. I kind of had an idea Dad wouldn't like her to know the store wasn't doing so hot this year—"

I put the basting-spoon down and turned away. "That was very—mature and considerate of you, darling. Dad doesn't feel it necessary to burden everyone with his private troubles. People all have . . ."

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"Yeah. Specially Grandma. Gosh, can't you just hear her, Mom—sounding off about what he did wrong and what you did wrong—now don't get *me* wrong," he said with a grin. "I love Grandma, but . . ."

We both laughed. But after he went out the laughter died on my lips. Trust Mother Burton. She'd ferret it out. And then—oh, poor Stan.

I was armed for battle when we gathered around the dinner table. It was another family tradition that on tree-trimming night we had baked ham; tonight, we were making do with chicken. Mother Burton took this in, gave me one sharp glance that told me she had noticed—and said nothing. Instead, to my bewilderment, she put herself out to be as delightful as she knew how. Puzzled, but grateful, I followed her lead, and we had a really happy family meal. She didn't even criticize the fact that we were eating early so that Wendy could be with us. In fact, she came upstairs with me later and helped put Wendy to bed—as pleasant as it was unprecedented.

IT WAS definite that something was on her mind. She was amiable, but now and then I caught her looking at me almost—well almost as though she were on the verge of tears. And as we were going downstairs together I was certain she began to say something and stopped herself. It was so unlike her to show uncertainty, no matter what the reason, that I really began to worry. This, I thought, has nothing to do with us. Maybe she's sick. Maybe it's Mother Burton who has been keeping something from us, instead of the other way round.

But I was wrong.

In the living room, Stan and Brad had the tree untied and set up, though it was so enormous they had to use guide wires to steady it. I picked up a basket of ornaments from the hall closet, gave Mother Burton the other one, and was about to go in to Stan when she finally cleared her throat and said, "No—wait, Terry, please. Would you—ask Stan to come out here to me, please? I want to talk to him. I want to talk to you, too—but I'd like to see him first. Please."

There was none of the grand-opera type of drama that she usually indulged in when something important was afoot. It was simple and unadorned, but unmistakably important. Mystified, I went in and sent Stan out. Brad and I began to spread out the brilliant balls and pick over last year's useless tinsel. My ears, I'm ashamed to say, were not entirely devoted to Brad's eager talk, but all the same I didn't hear a thing from the hall. But they were only out there a short time. Then Stan put his head round the doorway and said, "Terry. Come out here please, dear."

As I went out I saw that Mother Burton had been crying. I began to tighten up inside.

Nobody said anything for a while. Then Stan glanced at his mother enquiringly. She shook her head. "No, dear, I don't want to make a great thing about it. You tell Terry—or rather, you ask her."

"Yes," said Stan. He cleared his throat. "Look, Terry—Mother spent the afternoon down at the store. I was so busy I didn't pay much attention to her—"

"So I talked to Jane Winters," Mother Burton put in significantly.

"And Jane . . . Jane told Mother . . ."

"Jane told me everything." Mother Burton got up and with automatically meticulous fingers straightened a picture. "Jane told me everything, Terry. All about the trouble Stan is in—the money he owes. Oh—I know she shouldn't have talked, and I perhaps, shouldn't have listened. But she meant well; she only meant to be helpful. Don't be cross with Jane."

I was afraid to look at Stan, afraid to see stark despair in his eyes. But he didn't sound despairing. "And so Mother came to me tonight and offered me all her savings," he said, as though he still couldn't credit what he'd heard.

I looked from one to the other. Mother Burton gave a nervous little laugh. "Oh, come, Stan, you're making it far too dramatic. Where else should a son turn if not to his mother, at a time like this?" Her lips quivered slightly. "I'm so delighted I can help—if you two will let me."

"But I don't understand!" I almost wailed. Stan shot me a look of warning and comprehension. What I couldn't understand, as he no doubt realized, was that Mother Burton, instead of taking the

then to have you come along like this—it's—well, it's Christmas, I guess!" I fumbled in my sleeve for a handkerchief.

"It's not just Christmas." Mother Burton's voice was shaky too. "I'm a lonely old woman, Terry. You two—you have all the life and fun and gaiety here in your home that I will never have again—unless I get it through you. I wanted to do something to show you that I wanted to have a share in the family."

I was so ashamed of myself that I couldn't bear to meet Stan's eyes. There should be shame in them, too. I thought—shame for our selfishness. We had been the self-centered ones, after all, not Mother Burton. Oh, she was hard to get along with; she was picky and set in her ways and critical, and she saw things from one viewpoint only. But she was Stan's mother. We ought to have given her a chance to show that she could sympathize with our problems.

A tear escaped my handkerchief. Stan's voice, shaky with emotion, said, "Mother—if you knew what a difference this makes! Not only the money. But having you—having you—" He couldn't go on. Yes, I thought, having you come to him like this—that's what makes the difference! Knowing that you are ready to help, that's what matters. I drew a deep breath and straightened, putting my handkerchief away. There were some things you couldn't say. You had to do them and be them and live them, and only then could you make people understand. From now on, no matter how many times she tried my patience—and I knew those times would still come—and no matter how often I fell short of her conception of a proper daughter-in-law, things would be different. We wouldn't be strangers and antagonists; we would be relations. It's all right for relations to squabble.

There was a suppressed shuffle outside the door. Brad's voice said, "Mom! For the love of Pete, isn't it over yet? I can't hold this much longer."

Mother Burton and Stan and I exchanged a startled glance, and burst into laughter in which there was more than a little relief. "Come in, Brad," I called.

"Well, thanks for small mercies." He staggered in, carrying my biggest mixing bowl. "Whew! It's not that it's heavy—it's just that I was frightened of spilling it."

THE THREE of us looked at him blankly. He grinned. "I was all alone, so I went out to the kitchen, and there was nothing to do but look in the refrigerator, and I just had a feeling something nice was happening in here, so I—well, it's Christmas, isn't it? I made the eggnog recipe out of your cookbook, Mom, that's all." He lifted it again, headed for the living room. "Say, this should be a real good tree-trimming party."

"The best ever, Brad," Mother Burton said following him. "Now, what about glasses? Napkins? Yes. Right here. And a spoon. We make a good team, Brad. You do the work and I do the trimming."

Under cover of Brad's laughter, Stan took my hand. His head was higher, his shoulders straighter than they'd been in weeks. My heart echoed Mother Burton's words. Yes, this would be the best tree-trimming party ever, and after that, the best Christmas . . .



opportunity to find fault, was making one to help. It was quite beyond belief. Recovering, I added, "You mustn't sacrifice your comfort or security, Mother Burton, not in any way. We are in—some difficulty. The store—well, things have been rather tight lately. But we'll make out—"

"Of course you will!" She was indignant that I even mentioned this. "Of course everything will be all right. That's why I have no hesitation in letting Stan have whatever I own to pull himself through just now. It—it isn't much, you know. I'm not a wealthy woman. Far from it. But whatever I have—" she spread her hands and smiled a really lovely smile at Stan. "It's yours, dear. Please let's say no more about it. And part of it is for Christmas, don't forget. We want to be festive for the sake of the children."

Impulsively, I went over and kissed her cheek—the first time, I think, that I ever did it out of genuine emotion. "I suppose Stan has thanked you, but we can never thank you enough. We hadn't even thought of help—we just thought of trying to push through by ourselves. And

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